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# MACLEAN'S

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# "To say Tim's has a grip on the "Canadian psyche" speaks a lot to eastern hubris"



## CANADA'S MEAN STREETS

I WANT to commend Maclean's for an excellent article about crime in our cities and the role of drug abuse ("The most dangerous cities in Canada," *Crime*, March 24). However, I have been involved in the worlds of addiction, mental health and correction for much of my life and I was disappointed that you strangely ignored the single most important step our government must take if it ever wants to have any real effect on these issues. We will only ever win the so-called "war on drugs" if we are intelligent and courageous enough to legalize all addictive substances. That's it—legals, regulas, educates and treat. Nothing else will work in the long run. *Bert Mannik, Vancouver*

AS USUAL, Maclean's has dropped on Regina with impunity. I doubt that whoever labelled us the most dangerous city in Canada has ever been here. I do note that in today's headline, one person was killed and five wounded in a Toronto shooting. I see all the time where innocent bystanders are being hit by stray bullets in good ol' T.O. Well, guess what? These things aren't happening here or in Saskatoon or in Winnipeg. Maybe your magazine should actually do some fact-finding before it hands out its dubious labels in the future. *Bruce Peters, Regina*

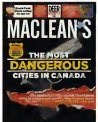
YOUR ARTICLE should have focused on the tens of the numbers of gang members within Canadian cities. According to the 2001 "Canadian Police Survey on Youth Gangs," published by the federal government, there were 454 youth gangs occupying more than 7,000 members throughout Canada. A 2006 survey puts the number of members at over 11,000. Notoriously, 71 per cent of gang members are thought to be in involved in assaults, 64 per cent in drug trafficking and 68 per cent in breaking and entering. Also, why didn't you publish crime stats for each city across Canada? *Noel Coward, Kingston, Ont.*

JUSTICE TIME CRIME is higher in the provinces where the RCMP are the prime police force. It makes you wonder if B.C., Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba had well trained provincial police forces like Ontario and Quebec do, whether crime rates would decline. *David Dink, Gilboa, B.C.*

GENERALLY SPEAKING, crime rates are higher in Western Canada than they are in the East, yet westerners reject gun control. And generally speaking, western politicians want tougher sentences for criminals, yet they too reject gun control. Is there something in the water out there? *Ron Wademan, Toronto*

## JAVA GEOGRAPHY

IT COULD BE that Eastern Canada's beloved Tim's has reached its high water mark just over the Rockies ("Tim's taken on America," *Business*, March 24). Life mini birth and raised. Vancouverite, I discovered what a "double-double" was only a few years ago. A few years to Tim's Vancouver locations later, even more perplexed: why would I for milk barista coffee or fresh vanilla for duff and waffles, salty soup, fatty and sugary dainties, and coffee that needs to be mixed with two creams and two sugars to make it palatable? You see, I never Tim's because it was about as close to culture as I could get on a cold day for soup, coffee and conversation or a quick dash of something hot on the way to early morning hockey practice. I've seen it play well in small towns B.C., and even in urban areas filled with ex-Ontarians. But to say Tim's has a grip on the "Canadian psyche" speaks a lot to eastern hubris. If they can't win Vancouver, they won't win the eastern seaboard of the U.S. or any major city along the Pacific coast. *Jeff Stewart, West Vancouver, B.C.*



*Business*, March 24). Life mini birth and raised. Vancouverite, I discovered what a "double-double" was only a few years ago. A few years to Tim's Vancouver locations later, even more perplexed: why would I for milk barista coffee or fresh vanilla for duff and waffles, salty soup, fatty and sugary dainties, and coffee that needs to be mixed with two creams and two sugars to make it palatable? You see, I never Tim's because it was about as close to culture as I could get on a cold day for soup, coffee and conversation or a quick dash of something hot on the way to early morning hockey practice. I've seen it play well in small towns B.C., and even in urban areas filled with ex-Ontarians. But to say Tim's has a grip on the "Canadian psyche" speaks a lot to eastern hubris. If they can't win Vancouver, they won't win the eastern seaboard of the U.S. or any major city along the Pacific coast. *Jeff Stewart, West Vancouver, B.C.*

I CONSIDER MYSELF somewhat of an expert on Tim Horton on both sides of the border, and roadside coffee in general. My business takes me on road trips all over the U.S. and I enjoy going to Tim's in Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. I especially enjoy the fact Tim's hasn't really caught on yet, and there are no hotspots like the ones we endure in Canada. *Jim Whitley, Toronto*

"When I travel to the deeper South, as far east as you want, Darling! Darn! I am even a big on my coffee ride. I can't really get away about 15 for a cup of coffee that does seem to have the famous fresh pot every 10-minute rule. I will use my GPS to track down a Starbucks in search of something comparable to Tim's. *Jim Whitley, Toronto*

## PIECES OF MEAT

THANK YOU FOR your insightful article on PETA's stance on animal welfare to further its political agenda ("Go veg! Get grub! Society," March 17). I, too, would rather go asked than see fat, but I am appalled by the advertisements that PETA is employing. As a woman, I find it disgusting that PETA seemingly feels the need to replace meat with women. It seems to me that these women, with their vulgar expressions and subtle looks, appear quite similar to the most prominent PETA is fighting against. *Paula Russell, Calgary*

There is a reason *Frederick's* refer to the gardening of the female form known as creating a woman like a "piece of meat." I'm sure that there are many other ways of advertising without subverting femininity. *Paula Russell, Calgary*

I GROW UP on a sheep farm in northern Alberta and have always wanted to ask vegans and vegetarians some questions, such as, have you ever visited a run-of-the-mill family farm instead of the factory farms described in PETA's website? And, as you state you are not putting anyone in the meat industry with this same ban on factory farms? Plus, if PETA's ad campaign successfully changed everyone into vegans, what would we do with the millions of domesticated animals (there are over 15 million head of cattle and almost a million sheep in Canada) that we no longer raise for food? *Liane Nightingale, Victoria*

THE FOREMOST who would have all PETA's actions cancel their brains, intellects and genitals (body parts originally deemed as decent by patriarchy, misogynist religious leaders, by the way) in their campaigns

inspire my outrage this week when you referred to me as both a "bitch" and a "dude" in that way to talk to your readers? In fact, I've been making an income in recent emergency language as your work. I would've thought that you and your editors would realize that misquoting just isn't funny. Women are perhaps my greatest work of beauty, don't degrade them. As for the abundant news items out of Al Gore was right. All that food that has gotten a bad rap! Maybe instead of smoking women, you could get your highest out of your office chair instead of something about it. May I suggest you and your friends buy some cross-country skis, you could take a number of our problems. Most notably climate change, but also your recent issues, Xanax dependency and disturbing pendents for bad movies and young Scarlett Johansson in a big leg. Otherwise, you can kiss my ass. *Michelle Derry Fornell, Nanaimo, Ont.*



SKILLING AT Heather Peckham's name a riposte. "You my ass?"

are mixing a moral statement here. One of the effects of our culture's obsession with genital concordance is an increased sense of separation between humans and other species, which makes easier the casual animal mistreatment that PETA opposes. *Gang DeMaio, New Westminster, B.C.*

## WINTER (OVER) KILL

I JUST FINISHED reading Scott Peck's column and I had to go and redo my makeup ("What's eating you, Mother Nature? It is us!" *Comment*, March 24). That article did me more good than a trip to a tropical island. I laughed so hard that the animals in my house were frightened. Who can't relate to these sentences? I've been saying the same things to myself since March 1 when I returned home from a month in B.C. and Alberta. I just can't take it anymore either. Thank you so much for this column. I will keep it framed somewhere in so that this summer, when I'm on the wedding 'bus, I can remind myself that it will only get worse. *Kelley Kibby, South Sea, Maine, Ont.*

DEAR SCOTT: I usually use your column for fun since "The End" is so depressing and God knows I could use a laugh now and then. Thus,

BECAUSE PAUL WELLS' columns usually deal with his views on politics, most of which I disagree with, I was pleasantly surprised to read one of the most accurate, balanced ones so that I have seen so far about Jeff Healey's move from rock and blues to his true love, traditional "fife" and "60s-style jazz." ("Rock rock's big time to musical happiness," *Opinion*, March 17). My husband, Colin Kemp, Jeff's long-time best friend and the jazz "warrior" upright bass player, had encouraged Jeff to switch to what he really loved, after playing a couple of jazz gigs and realizing that there was indeed an audience in Canada for this kind of music. It took lots of coaxing, but eventually he forced the jazz "warrior" and sound seriously across Canada. He still keeps a rock and blues band that also toured and made him more money than the jazz band ever did. It was his happy playing his band's fife. It made his many fans happy. Even when he allowed his experience with those who pulled at him from the audience to sing. *Angie Ellis, Jeff's loved his death, he felt it. It was a month before his death, he was at a concert in Goddard, Ont., with the jazz "warrior," singing, playing his trumpet and his acoustic guitar. It was obvious when*

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he affirmed that he was gravely ill, but once he was in front of that audience, the cheer and the applause were like an elixir to him and he came away looking happier and healthier. His passing has left an unfathomable hole in the lives of his family, his friends and his multitude of fans the world over.

**Barbara Boney, Scarborough, Ont.**

## SHOOT THE MESSENGER

OF COURSE Glenn's article about Stephen Harper's "topside" in Brazil and the NAFTA process ("The questioner and the upstart," March 24) illustrates the motives for excluding the press from so many functions. Reporters are always looking for a scoop. Many do not consider the consequences of publishing inaccurate information. Expecting any means that the Tories allegedly had that Barack Obama was not serious about renegotiating the agreement was ill-considered. Obama was forced onto a corner on NAFTA and a Canadian has meddled with the American electoral process with possibly dire consequences. Now that is covering its assets with bait. Sometimes it seems right to shoot the messenger.

Ken Andrews, Knox/Smithville, Ont.

## POINTING FINGERS

ALTHOUGH THE PROVISIONS restricting film tax credits in Bill C-70 have been widely discredited by cultural commentators, it

study surprising that a nine-cent roller would be so significant of the tenets, especially considering the amount of public cultural funding Maclean's has received ("Man the hurricanes! Film tax credits are taking fire" *Option*, March 4). From 2000 to 2007, you got \$6,638,595 from the Canadian Magazine Fund through the Department of Canadian Heritage, Maclean's is also subsidized through the Publication Assistance Program and through Canadian Heritage, it is protected from competition by Bill C-59, and its advertisers are eligible for full tax deductibility. Witnessing the man-



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# MITCHEL RAPHAEL ON RONA AMBROSE'S GYM EXIT AND THE MP WHO CAN'T CHANGE HER SEAT

## I DON'T NEED TO SEE JACK LAYTON SWEATING

Not many women use the MP gym that's for MPs and their spouses, which is partly what made Inter-governmental Affairs Minister Rona Ambrose choose to pelate gym on Sunday. Besides the lack of women, she also found the MP's gym too dark and it had no music. When she worked out there, all that would be playing was CMC or 24-hour news channels. Apparently, some politicians don't like to visit to Don Norman and Mike Duffy Ambrose's manager is flooded with light, and she doesn't have to jump into collegial chat. "I don't need to see Jack Layton sweating on a bike," she jokes. Toronto NDP MP Olivia Chow, who uses the MP's gym regularly and doesn't mind seeing Layton sweat, notes: "Usually I am the only woman there. I have never seen any women there after 7 p.m." Chow says the TV in the MP's gym can be changed and that Steele will Day will often flip them to a country music channel.

## NOTICE HARPER'S NOT BUTTPOINING UP HIS JACKET ANYMORE?

A few weeks ago MPs gathered on the lawn floor to bid farewell to their colleague Mike Smith, who resigned to run in a by-election in a Perth-Quebec constituency. The final MP up Stephen Harper told him: "I won't say good luck [to anyone else], I'll only say good-bye," notes Rona. "When you are looking at your knees that's why the prime ministerial punch has been getting smaller. The PM doesn't do his own press anymore, he's mostly mostly Marsh by now, right? He's got a great press officer, a Queen's Period, butting up his jacket when he rises. Other MPs have also been chiding the



Friday is a virgin MP, unlike the other former leadership candidates, although she did give up being a comedian in *Newsweek*. At one time, Redman was a Liberal, and she supported Stéphane Dion when she was knocked off the leadership bid. Liberal party whip Karen Redman is tight-lipped about whether or not Hall Friday will get a free row seat. It's a decision she'll have to make soon, before MPs return to the House on March 1. One position that will not change is Redman's. As party whip, she has to stay outside the leader, over since Paul Martin's PM. It's not just a seat thing, there's a more practical reason: Martin, current leader Bill Graham and now Dion have all required a police escort and that to mention them to get up and start the voting.

## ELIZABETH MAY'S VERY SMALL CHATEAU ROOM

Elizabeth May is in trouble with her hardware. "I had to buy a first swimming cap," says the Green leader, "because my hardware in New Glasgow [Nova Scotia] said my hair was going to point because of the hardware." May visited swimming seriously to prepare for her big surgery last September. Now she has to do it as a part of her physical therapy. When she's in Nova Scotia, she stays at the EMCA, in New Glasgow. In Ottawa, she uses the health club at the Parliament Hill. "I like to go to a small room in the Chateau Laurier because I don't see a locker and keep a key!"

ON THE WEB: For more Ottawa stories or to contact Mitchell Raphael, visit [mitchelraphael.com](http://mitchelraphael.com)

# Layton's NDP has troubles on both sides now



The return from the March 27 by-election continues to offer hints for the future. Four ridings chose new MPs, two in Toronto, one in northern Saskatchewan, one in British Columbia. The right brought good news for the little Green party, whose fate of the vote seemed in jeopardy.

The Liberals gained votes in Toronto ridings they held for decades, and lost votes (and seats, and nearly vanished) in West. The Tories gained in the West and lost in Toronto. But the results were more interesting for the NDP, because only the NDP faced two different—and, you might have thought, contradictory—kinds of bad news. Since 2004, NDP supporters and supporters have worried, without knowing precisely what to worry about: Would their votes lead the Harper Conservatives so scary they would scurry back to the Liberals? Or would they be so much about the Conservatives that they would usually away to the Greens?

Maybe both.

With hindsight the March 27 vote looks like the two different votes polarized in Toronto, Edmonton outside. Sometimes Toronto really is a different place from the rest of the country. Near the end of the 2004 election campaign I stopped in Toronto for a few days. The tone of the coverage on CityPlace TV seems was one of bitterness that the rest of Canada would consider throwing in its lot with these Harper Conservatives. Present stories of gay couples walking happily to the polls. Harper stole their rights and so forth. In any case, that social scene of Toronto as a moderate against the Harper brand has deepened. So voting NDP is a luxury many Torontonians no longer think they can afford: the rest of the vote was down seven points in Windsor and 10 points in Toronto. In the other two ridings, what ever. The Conservative hand actually increased their share of the vote in the Saskatchewan and

Winnipeg by election. But other voters regarded to this view of Toronto on the march, not by borrowing behind the Liberals but by wondering about the place. In northern Saskatchewan the NDP vote was up a bit and the Green vote was up a bit. In Winnipeg, the NDP vote was up a bit and the Green vote was up a bit.

Northern of these outcomes helped the NDP. But if anything the Toronto results will be more comforting to Jack Layton, because a polarized race is one he knows how to fight again.

Layton took a lot of advice from armchair social democrats for he may be concerned on his list on the Paul Martin Liberals turned off in Harper in 2006. But he had to do that

away from the Liberals without losing seats to yet another party.

This is usually the point in the column where the pundit offers the party some advice, something strategic for coming days. Usually it's either (a) "The NDP is a shadowbox in left wing politician that has no place in modern Canada. It's time to hang the center the way Tony Blair did," or (b) "Hanging the center has made the NDP lost interest. It's time to serve up some good old-fashioned socialist firestorm again." Unfortunately I can't bring myself to believe either bit of advice. Even if "left" and "right" and "center" still hold any objective meaning, a party bodysuited by perdition can't help itself by shilling along that side.



## He begged Liberal-leaning voters to 'lend' the NDP their vote 'just this once.' Now what?

Neither is the NDP's current plight the product of any particular leadership mistakes on Layton's part. He grew the party's vote and increased the number of NDP MPs elected in each of five federal elections until now. He's landed a real seat, and potential successor, in Ontario's MP Mike Wallace. Liberals are full of advice for him—stop picking on us!—but so, conspicuously, advice that would do the Liberals more good than it would do Layton. The worst election in the NDP's history was the Liberal landslide. When Pierre Trudeau returned from minority to majority in 1979, the NDP lost half its seats. When Jean Chretien beat Kim Campbell in 1993 the NDP lost three-quarters of its seats.

The line Layton has to peddle this time is obvious: voters don't vote Liberal, but don't waste your vote. If the vote is to work, he's a clever man indeed.

ON THE WEB: For more NDP news, visit his blog at [www.mitchelraphael.com/ottawastories](http://www.mitchelraphael.com/ottawastories)

Panic?  
Sure, but  
no need to  
fall into a  
depression.



ANSWER  
CONTINUED

—Therese Scar, March 19

The economy would be more of an issue, in other words, if it weren't for the economy. Economists say we're in a crisis, aside from the fact that we aren't. None here we media types are doing our best to talk ourselves into a depression, and damned if the economy doesn't refuse to play along. Even those usually reliable music depressives, the stockmarket, have wandered off message while the networks are running "Crash of 1929" clips round the clock, the S&P 500 is up six per cent in the last two weeks.

It is true, it is not as easy to talk ourselves into a depression as many think. The vast, unseen currents that move an economy, the product of millions of private decisions, cannot ever be predicted with any assurance, still less manipulated by each will or the whims of the media. (Not that the Star's not trying: "The unexpectedly deep slide in Canada's economy is dragging up on the decline battle ground unaided forces that could move any time this year... The crunch, which is likely to become more serious over the coming months, offers a ready-made election centerpiece for the Liberals..." etc. etc.) Usually it is just as everyone is publicly gloomiest that things start looking up.

Not even a stock market crash is enough, on its own. The Great Depression did not begin with the Crash. And, as depressions go, it was unique. There had been depressions before, of course, sometimes severe ones. But there has never been one, before or since, that lasted so long, or was so widespread. To achieve that result took the combined efforts of determined policy makers around the globe. Not

bly a Federal Reserve that remained inert in the face of a collapsing banking system, and the Smoot-Hawley tariff law, which combined with retaliatory trade barriers on the part of other nations to wring out whatever chance of recovery might have remained.

So there can be crashes without recessions (1902, for example, or 1907), and recessions without depressions. The decisive factor is monetary policy. Central banks cannot playle how fast an economy grows in the long run. That's up to the ingenuity of inventors and the rich talents of entrepreneurs and the effort of workers and a thousand other things besides, none of them living much to do with macroeconomic policy. But the yuan almost always grows, and how fast it grows in the short run

Politics are contagious, and unconsciously, they have nothing to do with the individual creditworthiness or other related of particular institutions, and everything to do with generalized perceptions, and perceptions of perception: you paid your money but because you fear others will. So it is at present. The impact of the subprime mess has spread far beyond the American housing market—a conspicuously small part of the economy—to infect the entire financial system, and not only in the U.S. but across the world. To be sure, some financial institutions bought mortgage-backed securities without due heed for the risks, and obviously should be held to pay the price in the usual way. But what had been going on there just few weeks ago

months was much more underwritten. It was building into a full-fledged panic, a generalized fear, and all it needed was a trigger—the collapse of a major investment bank, say—to set it off.

At such times, central banks have but one option: *staying open* whatever it takes, and pledge to go on spending whatever it takes until the panic subsides. So Fed chairman Ben Bernanke did exactly the right thing, both in "bunking out" Bear Stearns (see below) the company was effectively

ably the right thing. So far it's working.

important) and in opening the Irish lending window to other investment houses. Does this expose the financial system to a broad-based, cross-country, cross-institutional risk that goes on and on like a virus? Probably, but it also seems to end up like River Straits, and in any case the most immediate need was to clean the pond. Might there be other matters the Fed has taken to flood the economy with cash in line to a surge in oil prices? Again, possibly, the time will be whether the Fed is able to crop up the excess cash that crisis has passed.

So far—the fit appears to be working. There is much still to be done, and many well-meaning people are taking that position that what's been done is not enough. But it's not easy for a single economist, let alone a dispassionate historian, to judge what might dislodge the Star. ■

**ON THE WEB:** For more Audreya-Coyne, visit her blog at [www.audreya-coyne.com/andnews.com](http://www.audreya-coyne.com/andnews.com).

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## [Innovation in Action]

# Malware: The Next Generation

Today's world of seamless Internet communication comes at a price: growing danger from viruses and malicious software. Where previous computer viruses tended to be annoying but harmless, organized criminal groups are now using malware to defraud and steal from businesses and consumers alike. In an interview for *Maclean's* readers, Peter Evans, Vice President, IBM Internet Security Systems explains these emerging threats and reveals how businesses can protect themselves.



▲ Peter Evans  
Vice President  
IBM Internet  
Security Systems



“One of the biggest challenges that we have in the security industry is complacency.”

**Q** What is “malware,” and what makes it such a threat today?

**A** Malware, or malicious software, is a family of software that’s used by hackers around the world for the purpose of stealing information and generating profit.

Historically, the Internet has been chaotic and by backdoor attacks from malcontented youth doing things for the notoriety that resulted. In the last two years, hacking has become a for-profit business. It’s now being funded by organized crime, terror groups, and actors with malicious intent. They’re trading backdoor, organizing them, funding them, and giving them targets to go after.

**Q** What makes malware different from the viruses we’ve seen in the past?

**A** Over the past 10 years, most viruses were mainly meant to be loud and noisy and disruptive. They were just out there annoying. Today there are many forms of malware that actually take control of your computer or draw out personal information for profit purposes.

“Trojans” enter your computer stealthily like a Trojan horse, purporting to be legitimate software programs. They hide in your computer and quietly launch software you are unaware of. We also use “backdoor” and “rootkits,” programs that allow control of your computer’s operating system.

“Botnets” are pieces of software that reside on computers all around the world; they work together in an organized manner to complete one mission after another. The scary thing about botnets is they’re accessible remotely, so someone sitting on one part of the world can

command the botnet to do something, such as “spoon” other computer users or attack websites. All these computers will act under the commands of the one location. And if you try to disable a botnet, other botnets may start attacking your systems, doubling your losses. That sounds almost like a bad horror fiction movie, but it’s happening today.

**Q** Are businesses aware of these threats?

**A** There is never enough awareness. The challenge is that attacks of malware evolve and replicate very quickly. Many people feel they’re protected by the firewalls or anti-virus technologies they’ve used for 10 years. Some people believe that, “This can’t happen to me; the odds are only going to target large banks.” The fact is that a hacker can draw out credit card information or a large number of individuals, small businesses and large businesses equally.

One of the biggest challenges that we have in the security industry is complacency.

**Q** Who’s behind malware? What’s their motive?

**A** Organized crime and terrorist organizations around the world are using the Internet as a vehicle to generate significant profit. The revenue generated through online theft or fraud now far exceeds the amount of revenue being generated by the illegal narcotics industry.

**Q** So how is the security industry keeping up with all these threats?

**A** First of all, the security industry is broken. Historically the industry has addressed customers’ problems with one-off solutions. When computer users had an issue with viruses, it delivered anti-virus. When spyware came out, it delivered anti-spyware. The industry continued to provide point products as there wasn’t a recognized and did not deal with security as a holistic problem.

Consequently the average enterprise now has close to 32 different security vendors. More importantly, these 32 vendors are

not working in an integrated manner, and that means the degree of security being provided is not as effective as it should be.

**Q** So what’s the solution? How can users overcome this security breach?

**A** IBM, along with others, is providing new security approaches that are both integrated and pre-emptive. These solutions can actually stop malware before it attacks, protecting not only the enterprise but the enterprise’s customers.

Historically, security solutions have been reactive: you write a piece of software to protect against a threat that has already happened. That’s not less. Pre-emptive technologies are based on actual behaviors. There’s a common set of actions that malware will always try to execute – it will try to write to registry files, or take control of your processors, or process memory. When monitored systems see these questionable behaviors, they will automatically interrupt, remove spyware, and stop damage before it occurs. This provides advanced protection while lowering business costs to ramp up after a breach.

**Q** How broad is the fight against malware? Is there an industry-wide will to win?

**A** We’re seeing security firms around the world banding together and sharing information. The good news is that, while we sometimes compete with each other, we’re all working together because we understand that this is an international issue that we can solve.

To view the interview, please visit [www.macleans.ca/ibm](http://www.macleans.ca/ibm)

Register for the Innovation in Action Online Summit, May 13, 2006

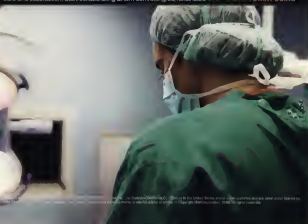
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## The newspaper is dying—hooray for democracy



ANDREW POTTER

The Newspaper Audience Database (NADbank) released its readership numbers for 2007 a couple of weeks ago, and for those of us in the industry it was glibly astounding: almost everywhere you look, circulation, ad revenues and page views are down, which is why you can now find a cottage through any given newspaper as muddy and not here to worry about containing reporters.

But unless you work in the business, is there any reason to be especially concerned? Each year may put another loop in the newspaper's death rattle, but the overall continuing flow of news is on the rise, almost entirely thanks to the myriad online sources. The Internet is eating the newspaper's lunch, but there's plenty of food on the table: unlike in earlier quarters, though, there is growing consensus that the demise of the newspaper is a detriment to democracy itself. The argument goes something like this: the economic logic of mass circulation meant a newspaper had to try to appeal to as many potential readers as possible. To do so, it brought together in one package a diverse set of voices, presenting each reader with ideas and perspectives that he or she might not otherwise have seen or sought out. This fostered the democratic values of curiosity, open-mindedness and tolerance, and the worry is that if the newspaper declines, so might democracy.

The sharpest version of this argument comes from Cass Sunstein, a law professor at the University of Chicago. In a recent column in the *Pittsburgh Courier*, Sunstein laments about the rise of what he calls the Daily Me, the highly personalized and customized information feeds that will allow you to "include topics that interest you and screen out those that bore or anger you." As Sunstein sees it, the Daily Me is the potential Achilles' heel of democracy because of a phenomenon called group polarization: when

like-minded people find themselves speaking only with one another, they get into a cycle of ideological reinforcement where they end up endorsing positions far more extreme than the ones they started with.

Group polarization is everywhere. It helps explain why, for example, humanitarian departments are so left-wing, why fraternities are so racist, why journalists drink so much, but, for the most part, it isn't a problem (for democracy's sake), since we routinely connect with so many people from so many different groups that the tendency toward polarization is offset in just one way: it's tempered by our connection with others.

Yet Sunstein is worried that group polarization on the Internet will prove far more

divisive than Manafest's meeting. Comment the film about Noam Chomsky, who—wait for it—the *New York Times* and *Andromeda* that the Internet is poised to cut these lumbering dinosaurs of black ink and dead neurons into the pit of extinction, we're supposed to say hang on, what about democracy?

There's a basic error here, paired with an equally basic misunderstanding of how the marketplace of ideas works. There is no reason at all to be concerned that 80 per cent of Daily Me readers are Democrats, any more than to worry that 50 per cent of the visitors to McDonald's are teenagers. Given what such data reflects is willing, it would be insane if it were otherwise. What would be worrisome was if four-fifths of Democrats read only the Daily Me, but there is absolutely no evidence that's the case.



Earlier this month, the Project for Excellence in Journalism, a think tank sponsored by the Pew Foundation, released its fifth annual *Impact of Journalism on the State of the News Media*. For the most part, its analysis of the newspaper business confirmed the trends of declining circulation, revenues and so forth. But with respect to public attitudes, the PEJ found that most readers see their newspaper as increasingly biased, and 68 per cent say they prefer to get their news from sources that don't have a point of view. The PEJ also found a substantial disconnect between the issues and events that dominate

## The same critics who decried mass-media bias blame the Web for killing newspapers

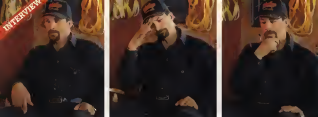
personas. Why? Because of the usage of the blogosphere as a series of echo chambers, where every viewpoint is repeated and amplified to a hysterical pitch. As our polarized moves online, he thinks we'll end up with a public sphere that is partisan and extreme, and as an example, he points out that 80 per cent of readers of the left-wing blog Daily Kos are Democrats, while fewer than one per cent are Republicans. The result, he claims, "will be serious challenges not merely to civility but also to mutual understanding."

An upside-down argument goes, this one is ingenious. For decades, progressive critics have complained about the mass-democratic influence of the mass media, and that newspapers present a selective and highly biased picture of the world, promoting pseudo-agreements that give the illusion of debate while preserving the status quo. (Remember that

the movie *Boys* (e.g. the Iraq war, the massacre at Virginia Tech) and what the public wants to see covered—sex, race, education, transportation, religion and health. What this suggests, is, aside from some fallacy of newspapers, that readers go online in search of realism, not the self-absorption of the Daily Me.

Nothing about how people consume media online suggests they are looking for confirmation of pre-existing biases. In fact, we have every reason to believe that as people migrate online, it will be to seek out sources of information that they perceive to be unbiased, and which give them what they can't get anywhere else. The newspaper may be dying, but our democracy will be healthier for it. ■

ON THE WEB For more Andrew Potter visit his blog at [www.mediabias.ca/andrepotter/](http://www.mediabias.ca/andrepotter/).



## 'I compare sled dogs to the guy that wins the Boston Marathon: he's an anorexic-looking Kenyan dude, but he kicks butt'

CHAMPION MUSHER LANCE MACKEY TALKS TO KATE FILLION ABOUT RACING 7,000 MILES A YEAR, HIS 80 DOGS, THE 11 HE LIVES WITH, AND GROUPIES

**Q** In 2007, you were the first musher ever to win the Yukon Quest and the Iditarod back to back. This year, you did it again. Why did people think it wasn't possible?

A: There's this idea that dogs shouldn't be capable of running a thousand miles, that taking 10 days off and running another thousand miles isn't being competitive. But we still don't know what the capabilities of these dogs are, what their maximum potential is.

**Q** Most people think sled dogs are healthy, but they're not, they're old?

A: No. People think of big, furry animals, but nowadays, you don't see that portrait-type dog in a race. A sled dog is a 45- to 55-lb sleek-looking thing you'd see basically on a greyhound track. They're good runners, but people ask me all the time if they're underfed, because of their body structure. I compare sled dogs to the guy that won the Boston Marathon every year. He's an anorexic-looking Kenyan dude, you know, but he kicks butt. You'll never find a 300-lb man out there even attempting it.

**Q** A lot of people think you're the best musher in the history of the sport. What's left for you to achieve?

A: '06, I'd like to win the All Alaska this week. It's the only time I'll ever do this race—it only happens every 25 years. I'm 37 and I won't be racing 25 years from now, I can't lose

being that made to my body. And this is a very different kind of race: It's 408 miles, and there's a winner-take-all prize of \$400,000—much more than the Iditarod. And there are basically no rules.

**Q** Also unlike the Iditarod?

A: Right, the first race, we're allowed a maximum of 16 dogs to start, and generally finish with anywhere from eight to 14. You can leave dogs at checkpoints to be transported back to Anchorage. More dogs can cross more power, but also more work. Less is better, in my opinion. And in the Iditarod, there are mandatory rest periods: you have to have a 24-hour layover at some point, and you have eight-hour layovers on the Tokan River and at White Mountain.

**Q** Jeff King was pretty much neck and neck with you this year. How did you beat him?

A: I had to pull a little more thing, to be honest. I had a husky named a checkpoint, because I knew if I stopped there, he'd stay there, and if I went to bed, he'd go to bed. That was the way I was working during the last 200 miles, he was following me around, just one to break out. So I waited until he fell asleep, then I took out the door and took off. In the last 70 miles of the race, I put a gap between us that was almost impossible to get that point to break up.

**Q** How was your dog when he figured out when you'd sleep?

A: Oh, he was pissed. Pissed! And I'm sure he's holding a grudge a little bit. But I told him flat out, "Don't take it personal." I've

got nothing against him, but we're still competitors and you don't want to win.

**Q** Can you make a living racing dogs?

A: This sport is crazy. There are a lot of people that have full-time jobs and do well with the race results, but still are broke.

We're considered professional athletes, but we get walked upon compared to what we put out. I'm grateful for the sponsors I have, but they mostly give goods and services, there aren't a lot of cash donations, so most of the expenses come out of my own pocket. People think that because I've had a couple years of success, I'm rich all of a sudden. But I'm raising a family and paying bills just like every other person, and I'm also doing dog racing, so I'm still just a poor white boy.

**Q** It says in your press notes that the Iditarod is the only dog sled race that is a team effort, instead of just one musher. How do you share the work?

A: If you know, I'll pay up to \$10,000 a day, but it could be upwards of \$25,000 a day. It just depends how comfortable you want to be out there. If you have some outdoor clothes instead of just drying the stuff you have on the trail, I put my dogs first, because without them, I wouldn't be where I'm at. I wouldn't be able to date. Clothing and gear in order to be able to find them the best mean money can buy: leeches, bear liver and some wild meats like bannos and moose.

**Q** In fact, you got the net's award at the Quest this year.

A: Right, and it's the highlight of my career so far.

**Q** Why?

A: Well, naturally you don't get it if you're winning the race, because people think you have to push the dogs a little harder to win. Winning the race and being recognized as the person taking the best care of his dogs—that's pretty special.

**Q** Do you see mushers restricting their dogs?

A: I don't think there's a whole lot of regulation going on in a thousand-mile race. You can't make a dog do that, they have to want to. But yeah, some mushers get too wrapped up in their own personal goals and satisfaction, and forget about what the dogs actually capable of doing. Sometimes backfires and people have to go home.

**Q** What do you do when you're not racing?

A: I used to be a commercial fisherman. I had my own boat, but I was going broke between that and racing dogs. I decided to focus solely on the dogs. So now I am, so to speak, unemployed when it comes to having a real job. But I do more money than anyone else on the coast, about eight a year. I was start training in September for the first race in mid-December, and the season ends next week. I do upwards of 6,000 or 7,000 miles a year, including training.

**Q** What do your dogs do when the season ends?

A: Not a damn thing. We let them get out of shape and soak up the sun and just be lazy for a couple of months. Any kind of athletic needs recuperation time.

**Q** How many dogs do you have altogether?

A: Oh, my lord, he's the idiot question. We're not exactly sure he cause, we're always got puppies coming and dogs going.

**Q** So what does a puppy cost?

A: I don't sell many puppies. I want for them to be a year old before I make that decision, normally. The puppy you can race a dog in 12 to 18 months, but I have dogs on my team that are nine years old. A dog costs anywhere from a thousand dollars all the way up to five grand. It just depends on the color and the age. I just depends on a for a horse pet, more often than not people are looking for the bloodline to mix with their own kennel's bloodline to make their own contribution. And most of the time, the dog will make their team as well, so it's kind of an added bonus.

**Q** So must have a different relationship with your dog than a someone living in an apartment with just one.

A: Absolutely. It's not even close, in my opinion. These dogs are my kids.

**Q** I've seen the person in the city with one dog feed the snow.

A: Yeah, but their dog is probably 20 lbs overweight and looked up at a bedroom while they're at work and only go to work with a dog. People don't realize how much time we spend with our dogs and how good care we take of them. There are some people who have a negative outlook on this sport—they just don't have a clue. In my opinion, looking at dog up all day and only taking it outside to pee is what's inhumane. Of course, some dogs are more suited for city surroundings, like a chihuahua.

**Q** Do you consider that a real dog, though?

A: I am a chihuahua! I have to have dogs of different kinds, because I love all dogs. I love the companionship.

**Q** Do any sleep on your bed?

A: As many as possible! My wife has two dogs, too, and her addition as well.

**Q** Does every dog in Alaska grow up having to race dogs?

A: Well, I did. My dad was the Iditarod in the '70s and my brother Rick won in the '90s, so we've had some success with the sport. But there are a bunch of a lot of kids in this state that don't want anything at all to do with it. It's a lot of work, every day, and the expense is very much a turnoff.

**Q** Do you prepare for a race with a special diet regimen?

A: As far as every, I don't do anything about it. I don't go to the gym and work out, or jogging every day. I don't eat healthy, nothing like that. Everyday activity with the dogs is enough for me. We get up in the morning and have to feed and clean and care for the dogs, then book them up and run them. We're always busy even in the morning until two in the morning. So for us or for extreme outdoor activities, there just isn't the time.

**Q** Are you thinking when you race, or are you more a physical thing where you get in a zone and run on automatic thought?

A: Well, it's the concept, obviously, but things will pay into your head because you're out there so long by yourself. You have a lot of time to think about things in your back as you can remember and way forward, into the future. If I'm in the process of building a house, so I'll be going down the hill, trying to design my house, or thinking about the things that could be going wrong at home.

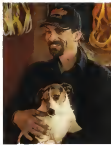
**Q** You're dealing with extreme cold, long gear and sleep deprivation. How do you keep going?

A: I have a cheap little MP3 player that I listen to. When the sleep deprivation really kicks in, I turn on something obnoxious, loud, heavy metal like Metallica. I normally would like to listen to, but when it's banging on your ears you've basically got no option but

to stay awake. And I'm partial to junk food on the trail, Snickers bars and beef jerky. But I'm kind of a high maintenance runner, because I had [thrust] cancer a while back, and now I need water even to swallow food. As a bonus, it's hard to keep my own bottle that's not. So I like the chihuahuas.

**Q** How often when you're racing can you actually see other mushers?

A: At times, they're in either right in front or right behind, but more often than not, they're 15 minutes away so we don't see them through your knowledge of the trail. It's not to say with anybody else, because they have to spend most of the time in training and the dogs respond to me a little better that way. And I keep a very competitive pursuing. If they don't see you, they can't know what's going on, it's kind of like chasing a ghost.



**'I don't go to the gym, I don't eat healthy. Everyday activity with the dogs is enough for me.'**

**Q** Are mushers friendly at the checkpoints, or do they keep to themselves?

A: It depends on the individual. Some of my competitors are just very amiable and to be around, so you do your best to stay out there those anyway. Myself, I interact, I talk and criticize, so to speak. It's important to me to get the facts to me, because with out them, we wouldn't really have a sport.

**Q** Are there groupies?

A: Oh, absolutely. They fly all over and chase us around. It's pretty rare, but I also wonder sometimes, why? Why? Why?

# HOW TO FIX THE LOWLY COMMITTEE

**Could Commons committees really be made relevant—even, maybe, powerful?**

**BY JOHN DESSER** • Changing a single law point isn't easy for House of Commons committees, but it's not easy. A strong candidate would be Conservative MP Art Dalglish, chairman of the justice committee, reportedly living from his own hearing room, dignity shored, to shut down proceedings and prevent the committee's opposition majority from launching an inquiry into the Chuck Cadman affair. Then there was Paul Scoles, the liberal chairman of the ethics committee, mostly stepping aside when former Tory cabinet minister Elmer MacKay thoughtfully declared that so long as Scoles was presiding, it wouldn't matter if he was a former prime minister. Brian Mulroney's dealings with Karlheinz Schreiber. So many committees have been stilled by partisan wrangling: that House Speaker Peter Milliken recently wrote an open letter urging parties to end "the crisis in the committee system that is rendering dangerously close to the precipice of the institution."

The squandered potential of Commons' up-and-running-plus-a-little-committee look ugly, weak, and chaotic. Arguably as bad, though, are the long stretches when they appear mostly unimportant. Compared to the continued authority of the Prime Minister's Office, the extended influence of senior bureaucrats, and the well-financed chieftains of cabinet ministers, committees are second-rate creatures in the federal power structure. Perhaps because of this low profile, they are often neglected in debate over democratic reform, overshadowed by grand proposals for, say, proportional representation in the House or an elected Senate. Yet PR is at best a long shot, Senate reform is extremely tricky. Upgrading the committee, on the other hand, is a practical possibility, with potential to pay off. And with the recent spate of debates highlighting the need, would a detailed report from Queen's University's expert on accountability be released late this spring, the moment for a serious push to make committees matter might finally have arrived.

An address draft of the Queen's report was provided to Mulroney by the Kingston, Ont., university's Centre for the Study of Democracy. Calling "Everything Old is New Again: Observations on Parliamentary Reform," it's the product of a sweeping study of the state

of the House of Commons, or a stepping back from, then duty will always be a bedrock." There's little doubt he's right in his assessment of where committees now sit in Ottawa's aspirational pecking order. An up-and-running-plus-a-little-committee report would be a good first step. It would be a first step in making the House of Commons a more relevant institution. It would be a first step in making the House of Commons a more relevant institution. It would be a first step in making the House of Commons a more relevant institution.



OTTAWA'S COMMITTEES connect with Washington's below, which are bastions of power

of Canadian democracy's core institutions, backed by detailed comparisons with the U.S., Britain, and Australia. Although it makes 20 recommendations—covering everything from the power of the prime minister to the way MPs conduct their business—the report concentrates on boosting the prestige and power of parliamentary committees. Thomas Axworthy, the state's chair and the report's main author, goes far beyond old bromides about respect for backbench MPs talking on worthy committee studies. His idea is to let one of Ottawa's old castles of power, the House of Commons, be a more relevant institution. It would be a first step in making the House of Commons a more relevant institution. It would be a first step in making the House of Commons a more relevant institution.

where Senate and House of Representatives committees are bastions of enormous power, couldn't be starker: that they largely reflect the way the U.S. legislators conduct their own politics. The government is a separate and distinct branch of government. In Canada, the prime minister rules from inside Parliament, and his cabinet is made up of parliamentarians, making it impossible for MPs on committees to function independently of prime ministerial power. Still, the committee's report proposes several ways to bolster committees, without trying to usurp the PM's primacy. Issuing committee chairs' pay would be a more than symbolic sum. They now earn \$15,000 on top of their basic MP's salary of \$125,000. That's a cry from a chairman's \$74,400 unpaid on top of MP's pay. Putting the committee bosses on a pay scale par with ministers, who act as CEOs of federal depart-

ments, would send a new signal about who sits at the top. The report also calls for additional staff for committee chairs, another bid to lift their prestige. "Chairing a committee," Axworthy says, "should be as interesting to members of Parliament as going into cabinet." If the chairs need to be built up, the committees themselves also require more resources. The report calls for every committee to employ a "team of four or five researchers who are experts in their subject areas." Remarkably, the committees now lack this sort of standing expertise. They have only one or two dedicated staffers, relying on the Library of Parliament's pool of researchers

to be assigned to them as needed ones. Bulking up the committees' permanent policy power would turn them into viable alternatives to the sprawling departmental bureaucracies as sources of new thinking. "It's not the American model of 100-90

to properly counterbalance the Finance Department and Treasury Board when it comes to money spending. Still, it's a step in the right direction." Another recommendation is for the House public accounts committee to take on oversight of all government spending on public works projects. Acting on this proposal would send shock waves through Ottawa. The government spent \$1.1 billion on more than 100 public works projects in 2006-07. The report calls this a "vast, unregulated expenditure that has nothing to do with Parliament," and goes further than proposing broad oversight. "Any department authorizing a public works or public group contract," it recommends, "should be required to inform the relevant parliamentary committee, before the work has begun."

Considered separately, the report's proposals don't seem revolutionary. But added together, they would move committees from the periphery to the centre of federal life. Prestigious chairmanship, permanent

way of operating. Axworthy's report doesn't make detailed recommendations for a government to make possible. But Scoles, the ethics committee chair, suggests a government that would see a special ad hoc committee to undertake this sort of work. The parties would be encouraged to support MPs with proven ability to pursue a sustained, coherent line of questioning. What would be questioned? He hopes neither he nor Mulroney, instead of the current rules that see MPs from each of the four parties taking turns, only only minor issues, often allowing Mulroney to displace what might have been a more important issue. The parties would be encouraged to support MPs with proven ability to pursue a sustained, coherent line of questioning. What would be questioned? He hopes neither he nor Mulroney, instead of the current rules that see MPs from each of the four parties taking turns, only only minor issues, often allowing Mulroney to displace what might have been a more important issue.

The notion of more robust Canadian committees inevitably suggests a shift toward an anglophone U.S. model. Congressional committees can be fierce for self-aggrandizement. Axworthy quotes former Canadian ambassador to the U.S. Alan Cockfield's description of congressional behaviour as "great feigning," and notes a decline in productive teamwork in congressional Washington.

**"BEHAVIOUR WILL CHANGE," AXWORTHY SAYS, "WHEN COMMITTEES BECOME POWERFUL INSTITUTIONS THAT MEN AND WOMEN OF AMBITION ASPIRE TO"**



POLITICING by Harper (left) and opposition by Scoles (middle) prompted Milliken to warn that committees are teetering on a precipice

or 100 members per committee," Axworthy says, "but surely they need more than one." Beyond giving every committee proper policy status, Axworthy's blueprint proposes upgrading their ability to scrutinize spending. His point is that MPs have long been placed where they can't do it properly because of the complexity of the federal budgetary process. The Conservative government has recently moved to create a new Parliament's Budget Office, as part of the Library of Parliament, to provide committees with their own source expert insight into spending. Axworthy is worried, though, that if the office might not be headed by a senior enough off-

icialist staff, and strategic new abilities to probe spending and ministerial conduct—potentially these would be enough to change committees from add-ons to ministers. They would continue, of course, their traditional role of reviewing legislation. That their added role would give them the ability to propose policy, and more fully and independently analyze bills ministers send them way. At least one other change, though, would be needed to move out the reformist. Committees taking on special inquiries—such as the ethics committee's hearings into Mulroney's dealings with Schreiber—need a better

Still, Ottawa's committees need a touch of U.S.-style swagger. Whether the multi-party co-operation required for any real reform could be mustered on today's rancorous Hill, though, is another question. Peter Dobell, founding director of the Ottawa-based Parliamentary Centre, an organization that works with representative assemblies around the world, is skeptical. "I don't think committees can be fixed in this particular Parliament," Dobell says. "But I think there is a chance to change the political environment." It's a paradox. The same political climate that has so clearly shown the need for better House committees is also the biggest obstacle to making it happen. ■



MEDIA CREWS visiting the alleged witness 2003 driving site northwest of Oshana, Ont.

# 'God willing, we will get victory'

**The Crown releases wiretap evidence against the alleged 'Toronto 18' terrorists**

BY MICHAEL PHILLIPS/AGENCY

After two years locked by silence that Saturday morning press conference, when anti-terror cops assured the country that a looming disaster had been averted. A gang of alleged home-grown terrorists was safely behind bars, and their master plan—a wild list of truck bombs and biochemicals—had been busted in the nick of time. "This group posed a real and serious threat," said the RCMP news release. "It had the capacity and intent to carry out these attacks."

Thirty-two months later, it's the prosecutors who have endured their fair share of attacks. After all the hype and all the headlines, three suspects have been set free, four others have been released on bail, and in a move that reeked of desperation, the Crown abruptly cancelled a preliminary hearing that could have resulted in a five-year acquittal. All the while, averaging politicians had been huge the bulk of the evidence under wraps—prompting the inevitable question: how were these guys really a looming threat to national security, or a bunch of tough-talking wannabes?

Crown attorneys prefer to address questions like that in court. "Which is exactly what they did this week, releasing fresh new details—

including never-before-heard wiretaps—that shed some welcome light on why the police went so anxious to put these men behind bars. "None has to be defended," said one of the suspects, unaware that the authorities were listening. "Just as I have to be the only one to do it— I'll be taken long, so be it. We just gotta stick with it because this is our mission. This is our life's mission."

The bulk of the new evidence is contained in a 15-page facsimile tabled in the case of an anonymous teenager—the first suspect to stand trial for his role in the so-called "Toronto

**IF A BOMB GOES OFF ON FRONT STREET? 'TOO BAD FOR THEM,' ONE OF THE SUSPECTS SAYS.**

18." On Tuesday, day one of his trial, the judge ruled that in order to protect the fair trial rights of the other 13 accused, the media is allowed to report specific testimony—but not names. In other words, the pub is allowed to know what two suspects said to each other on the phone, but not who those suspects are.

We now know, for example, that during the infamous "training camp" in the winter of 2005, one of the participants rallied the rest of the group to jihad. "Our nation's greatest, whether we get arrested, whether we get killed, we get tortured," he preached. "God willing, we will do it. God willing, we will get the victory." During another conversation

caught on tape, two men are discussing "the construction of the first remote control detonator," and how it only has a range of 30 feet, "which is not good." They expressed a "chilling indifference," the Crown says, to "the loss of innocent lives after 'the bomb goes off as Front Street.'" Said one suspect: "Too bad for them."

The case summary also contains the group's initial grand plan, "Operation Babel," a plot to storm Parliament Hill, kidnap politicians, and execute them one by one until Canadian troops are pulled out of Afghanistan. In one disturbing wiretap, a person is overheard boasting to a potential recruit. "They're probably expecting what happened in London or something... some bombings on a subway, lots of top people and everybody gets depressed," he says. "We're not doing that... our thing is, it's a catch, catch people on a scale... You do it once and you make sure they can never recover again."

This document alone does not prove any one's guilt. Defence lawyers, of course, will have every chance to offer an innocent explanation for each vile tale. But the Crown's facts make one thing abundantly clear: as far as the prosecution is concerned, these few suspects are just the tip of a very big iceberg.

"These are numerous unproven accusations [wherein the names of the accused are identified] which are equally reprehensible," the document reads. If anything, the prosecutors suggest that the suspects should be grateful for the publication here. "The cumulative effect of these media has that the kept the vast majority of highly prejudiced and out of the public domain," the document reads. "None of the post-arrest interviews, interrogated interrogations, video surveillance, or media films, which contain highly prejudicial and self-incriminating statements made by the accused, may be published."

There's one other thing common to the Crown's synopsis—and it shouldn't come as much surprise: the Muslims had very little information on the inside. As most Canadians already know, the RCMP paid at least two undercover officers to be by the case (Muhim Sheikh, who received a \$60,000 fee for his work, and another unidentified Muslim, who was paid \$4.1 million for acting as a delivery of false information). However, according to prosecutors, a third man voluntarily joined the "investigation" (and worked behind the scenes, telling police that he went on yet another clandestine expedition with some of the suspects). The purpose of the trip, he said, was to "point" for "jihad." No word yet as to whether the unidentified man profited from his tip. ■

*Journey to Rwanda — York Daily*



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# FACING LIGHT PUNISHMENT

**'Kiddypics' offenders in other countries got years behind bars. Not in Canada.**

**BY JULIAN DRYER** In the murky underworld of Internet chat rooms where collaborators trade in graphic images of child abuse, he was known as "Lord Vader." Then by the depraved standards of Internet child porn, the "Kiddypics" and "Kiddypics" club where he hung out was emporium. Members used sophisticated encryption to view sexually exploitative material—including live streaming video of men abusing their own infant children. In one post moderated by police who infiltrated the group, Lord Vader boasted that he had "lots of fans" watching young children at a local shopping mall. "I'm" joked another Kiddypics user by. "Thanks for the compliment," Vader replied.

It was no joking matter back in March 2004 when London's intensive undercover work by Canadian investigators who have gained a reputation worldwide for their cyber skills—missionaries here as well as in the U.S., Australia and Brazil—uncovered that he had broken up the Kiddypics ring, which was engaged in what the U.S. attorney general at the time called "the worst imaginable

form of child pornography." Eventually, more than 80 people were arrested around the world and over 100 children rescued in the landmark global police operation. Codenamed Project Wickerman, it remains one of the biggest global busts of its kind.

But two years after the Wickerman arrests, a Maclean's survey of more than two dozen computerized court cases reveals that while offenders in other countries face decades behind bars, their Canadian partners in crime can avoid their punishment or days.

Lord Vader turned out to be Kenneth Abela, now 30, who studied welding at a community college in Prince George, B.C. He pleaded guilty in British Columbia's provincial court to one charge of "simple possession" of hundreds of abuse images. The Crown and defence made a joint submission for the sentence handed down in January. His punishment? Fourteen days—to be served as work orders. Abela will also be on probation for three years and remain on Canada's Sex Offender Registry for 10 years.

Those convicted of harder-on-society assaults of children generally get harsher punishments, but up until recently, many found guilty of so-called "simple possession" of child abuse images got no jail time at all. Fourteen days

**CARL THOLENSEN was released after serving 18 months of a three-year sentence**

is the new minimum mandatory for life term since 2006. "It's very frustrating," says Sgt. Paul Kowczyk, who until recently was in charge of the Wickerman's elite sex crimes unit. He specializes in tracking down Lord Vader and other suspects in the Kiddypics chat rooms. "Canada is where the Wickerman case started," he says, "and where most of the work was done, and yet here is where we're getting the lowest sentences."

Like Lord Vader, two other Canadians found guilty of possession of child abuse images got only 14 days—even though one of them had one of the largest collections police had seen. "These are not just pictures," says Edmonton police Det. Randy Wickham, who worked closely with Kowczyk to launch the international bust. "These people could understand the horror of what their children go through." Three other Canadians charged with distributing in addition to possessing the child images received 18-month terms.

Contrast that with the U.S., where some people convicted of similar charges of possession and distribution in the Project Wickerman sweep are serving prison sentences ranging from five to 20 years. "The children raped in these images are real, and we rate these offenders seriously," says Drew Oostendorp, chief of the child exploitation and obscenity section at the Department of Justice in Washington. "You download child pornography, you should expect to do serious time." In Britain, three men found guilty received "indefinite sentences"—meaning they stayed behind bars indefinitely until they prove they are no longer a danger to society.

Meanwhile, a Canadian member of the group, an Edmonton man who was one of

## THE SENTENCE FOR 'SIMPLE POSSESSION' OF HUNDREDS OF CHILD PORN PICS WAS 14 DAYS

the chat room administrators, got off lightly. It was his arrest by Canadian investigators in early 2006 that led to the unravelling of the worldwide network. When police burst through his door, Carl Tholenzen had 90 people standing by online, waiting to download some of the 30 gigabytes of child exploitation material he had stored on his computer. Tholenzen, now 31, was released last September onto a special monitored treatment program for sex offenders, after serving only six months of a 1½-year sentence.

Tholenzen's criminal record included two previous convictions for indecent assault and sexual indecency. Indeed, there is some indication that the difference between so-called "pure param" offenders and physical, hands-

on abusers may not be as great as imagined. A study by American psychologists with the Bureau of Prisons who worked with over 200 men convicted only of possessing pictures found that 55 percent of them later confessed, while under treatment, to having committed some kind of sexual offense against a child.

But even when it comes to abusers who directly rather than indirectly harm children, the disparity between sentences in Canada and abroad is striking. The case Canadian charged with sexual assault during the Kiddypics investigation was a St. Thomas, Ont., man whose name cannot be revealed, in order to protect the identity of his victim, his own infant daughter. The judge denied his actions as a "gross one" and "acknowledged"—and sentenced the abuser to four years. The maximum penalty under Canadian law for sexual offences against children is 10 years, except the incest, which can carry a 14-year term.

But when Canadian investigators Kowczyk and Wickham went down to the United States to identify against one other man in the club who also filed their rage of their own child-

ren's body of a few thousand dollars than if you abuse a child," says David Burt, a former Ontario prosecutor and now world general secretary of ECPAT, an international organization that fights child exploitation and trafficking. "The harsh lessons are fully learned. The child usually started for life. What does that say about our justice system?"

Once he was exposed to a 10-day sentence, Krutner Abela filed many demonstrations outside his home in Prince George and was forced to leave the city, according to court documents. He "expressed shame and remorse" and began attending weekly psychological counselling sessions, the judge said. But if Abela finds good help and sticks to it, he's the exception. "We're not getting enough treatment to the people who need it," says Dr. John Bevilacqua, who treats high-risk offenders at the Social Behaviour Clinic at the Royal Ottawa Hospital. "Why aren't we doing more about it? Because people don't want to face up to it as a public health problem."

The justice department says it's monitoring 1997 Criminal Code amendments that

boosted penalties for child porn cases as well as increased sentencing reforms aimed at preventing repeat offenders. But the NDP complains the system is not working. "We need to give police and prosecutors the proper resources so they can identify the system cracks," says public critic Joe Cammarata. As for those who actually get jail treatment, he says, sentences must be long enough for them to get out available programs.

Back in Edmonton, Det. Randy Wickham doesn't have time to worry about what happens to child predators



after he arrests them. The team he works with at the RCMP investigated child exploitation case already has 15 new criminal files on their desks and another 45 cases that they have not had time to even look at. "The reason we're doing this is not for the victims," he says gruffly. "The reason we're doing this is to protect children." ■

The sad truth is that in Canada, you are likely to spend more time behind bars if you



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## Le Figaro bids adieu to Québec libre



**IN THE PARTY** Levesque founded, independence is now 'a bad word'

**BY MARTIN PATRICHON** • Québec nation alists have long looked to France for their national legitimacy, and in République has rarely disappointed. Ever since Charles de Gaulle famously declared in 1967, French leaders have either openly or covertly supported the notion of a Québec libre. The French press, tickled pink by the idea of a mini France in North America, has kept the movement alive in its pages.

All of which makes Le Figaro's recent decision to stop carrying an article published last week, France's leading right-leaning newspaper said the Parti Québécois has become "an empty shell" that has "sold its soul" and "effectively renounced its governing position, not a country. We no just lose the opportunity to make Québec a country," *Proquaire ambassadeur Jean Claude Sime* Andel is quoted as saying.

The article, which has circulated on a variety of Québec newspapers and blogs, raises PQ leader Pauline Marois to ask for removing the obligation to hold a referendum during the first term of a PQ government. "In the party founded by René Lévesque, who must be spinning in his grave, independence has become a bad word," declares the piece.

The change is there is a reflection of Québec's own attitude towards sovereignty, says Michel Seymour, an expert on nationalism at University of Montreal. "Support (from France) is much easier to give when Québec has a clear vision of what it wants to be independent," Seymour says. Though he disagrees with the article's conclusion, "Marois didn't say these words never be a referendum," he says—he notes that with pro-Canadian French President Nicolas Sarkozy in office, sovereignty is at its low ebb in the mother country as it is in Québec. ■

## Listening to the beep over 'parking aids'

**BY MICHAEL FRIDOLANTI** • Most new cars have these electronic "parking aids" that can sound an alarm if you're about to back over your daughter's bicycle (or worse, your daughter). Some of the more sophisticated versions include a rear view camera, providing drivers with a televised glimpse of what's lurking behind the bumper. The benefits are obvious. Just ask anyone who has tried to parallel park on SUV.

And while high tech helps, however, there poor Canada is worried about a potentially deadly side effect: overconfidence. Lately, the department launched a \$68,000 study to find out whether people "develop an over reliance on these systems" to the detriment of everything else they learned in driving school. In other words, Ontario wants to know if some motorists stop glancing in their mirrors or checking their blind spots because they assume the sensors will do it for them.

American researchers have already asked their question—and the results are hardly encouraging. According to one survey, 15 per cent of consumers who bought cars equipped with warning systems believed the gadget would probably increase their chances of collision. Another study found that most drivers actually ignore the beeping noise because they assume it's a false alarm. Even more disturbing, an analysis conducted by the U.S.



**REAR-VIEW** cameras and alarms cause confusion, overconfidence

National Highway Traffic Safety Administration has concluded that parking aids are "inconsistent, unreliable, and in nearly all cases quite limited in range" when it comes to detecting children (which is exactly why the warnings err on the side of caution—calling them "parking aids" as opposed to "avoid crushing your kids aids").

"The horizon line is technology is never a silver bullet for good driving behaviour," says Tim Sheehy, president of the Canadian Automobile Association. "We are going to see more and more autonomous, self-driving cars that benefit from these technologies. But they need to remember consequences. And where their children are. ■

## A visit from the Tory tax monitor

**BY ANDREW SELLEY** • The growing war of words between federal Finance Minister Jim Flaherty and Ontario Premier Dalton McGuinty over corporate taxes has all the ingredients of a classic political fight. There are allegations of rank hypocrisy—Flaherty was a cabinet minister in both Mike Harris's



**FLAHERTY HAS** warned Ontario could become a 'have not' province

and Ernie Eves's Ontario governments, which requested McGuinty's Liberals a \$5.6-billion "surplus" deficit. There have been whispers he's auditioning for Ontario Conservative leader John Tory's job. There's also the rhetoric. Late last month, Flaherty suggested Ontario would be "left place" in Canada unless we would be "likely to bring their money And at his pro-Ontario budget press conference on Monday—a Tory was provincial affairs asserted to be unprecedented—he warned of the risk "of Ontario becoming a 'have not' province over time, and not a long time."

On Monday, in another surprising move, the federal Tories announced they would be dispatching MP Pierre Poilievre to Toronto to provide the government's reaction to the budget in person. His mere presence amid provincial business could hardly be seen as yet another thrust in McGuinty's eye, but the 28-year-old MP for Nepean insisted he made the unusual trip "in the spirit of partnership." The Ontario economy is an important national issue," he argued, "and by extension the national government's responsibility to today's budget." He said he had his political "colleagues" corporate tax cuts with his fellow Ontarians, but was going home disappointed.

Flaherty's belligerence is particularly surprising, given how often he has boasted of bringing scrutiny to federal provincial relations. But on Tuesday, Poilievre would hardly even acknowledge the heated core of the debate. Flaherty is a proud Ontarioer," he allowed. It seems the progressive federal minister has a thing or two to learn about winning friends. ■



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# BUTCHERS AND MONSTERS

## The brutality in Tibet is no surprise. Communist China will never change.

BY JOHN FRASER

**I**t's always the state questions, whether it's about Tibetan protests, or democracy activists, or Falun Gong demonstrators, or whatever: why does China overreact so badly? Why does the government care so much about such small and insignificant groups? Why does China never get it, never seem to understand what our inevitable reaction in the West will be?

And the answer, too, is always the same, or at least it is so long as the Chinese Communist party controls the country: China overreacts, cares so much, and never "gets it" because it can't do anything else. Because it lacks the confidence of its own people, the party's confidence is based on never underestimating the power of moral but dedicated protest groups. Because the party knows from its own successful experience 60 years ago that a small but dedicated protest group can take over and control an entire society, it can never let its guard down. Not once.

Not ever.

This reality never seems to penetrate over here. Over here, Falun Gong

is just a weird group of nerds and "I-can-do-it" enthusiasts. Over there, it's different. Falun Gong, anchored, could replace the Communist party. Over here, we wonder why no one in Beijing is negotiating with the pacifist Dalai Lama, who offers the best hope of a fair and workable compromise. Over there, it's different. Tibetan monks, anchored, could replace party cadres as moral leaders in at least three major areas of China. Against this, however, the blessings of the West are nearly useless in its own. If it comes down to a choice of appearing "weak" to such groups as brutal as outsiders, the Communist authorities would not hesitate to choose isolate repression, regardless of the moral or economic costs, regardless of world opinion, regardless of it comes to this—the 2008 Olympics. Nothing will be allowed to distract or otherwise threaten its power base.

If we never quite get all this straight in our heads in the West, it is partly because we hope for the best when it comes to China and the 1.3 billion Chinese. Our affection and concern for this vast population is sincere, albeit mixed with a dash of greed and a dollop of fear over what a China out of control would be like. The affliction seems to be more profound for China and the Chi-

**CHINESE RYOT POLICE** Chinese officials have declared a "people's war" in Tibet.

DAVID GREEN / REUTERS





UP IN FLAMES: A protester burning a Chinese flag in the Tibetan capital of Lhasa before Beijing sent in more forces for the crackdown

near than it ever has been for India and the Indians, the other population billions, and this despite the fact that India is a democracy and its people—for all the acknowledged inequalities in their employment and often scandalous society—have a far greater moral call on our support.

I suppose the general feeling isn't just a wish. Today the Chinese is economy—a nasty but happy union of the wares a Francoist capitalist and Communist suppression of rights, but so hopelessly unkindled with them that it is generally thought we cannot afford a major intervention. But that is truly the case. The situation will come regardless of our connectedness, regardless of our malice. They came with the Tiananmen massacre and it didn't take all that long for economic reality to smother it. The Tibetan process will be infinitely and efficiently chastened for the moment, but—barring something on the scale of Tiananmen—it will not lead to a boycott of the Olympics.

Communists officials know this too. They have experience. They know exactly how long it took for the West's economic hostilities to set beyond the massacre and get back to business. Even during the height of the anti-phobic Great Proletarian Cultural Revolution (1966-1976), with chaos reigning supreme throughout much of the country, the destruction of the daybreak that thereby laid down

to their power were all homegrown. They worry about outside reaction only inasmuch as it affects the manner plea, which I'm sorry to report—we are not paying to.

I once experienced a strangely ambivalent attitude toward the presence of many people in the West to ignore the evidence before them. My wife, Elizabeth McCollum, and I, driven to a parking in China at the end of the 1970s, occasion ally got asked to tag along on tour of China to return for a few hours before about our experiences when we lived there (1976-79). Each time we go, either on a tour or as a private visit, we are assured that "every thing has changed," and each time we leave, we agree that the rights still sounds

and not much changed but that, actually, everything is still the same. Take for example what happened to the husband of happy Americans on their way to Beijing from the party city of Tianjin.

We had all been traveling on the MV *Princess of the Orient* up the coast of China, docking at Tianjin for four days to that the 300 or so

passengers could visit the Chinese capital. I was on the lead bus, a beautifully equipped, state-of-the-art vehicle. By this bus, over a week into the junkies, I wasn't utterly in love with the Chinese, but this may have had more to do with racial prejudice I was never able to draw more than 20 or 40 people to my talks, and they deserted every time I

**WE CAN ASSESS THE CHINESE PEOPLE UPROOT THE EVIL THAT THE PARTY IS STILL MIRED IN, OR ELSE THE TURMOIL WILL RETURN—AGAIN AND AGAIN**

spoke about human rights and the absence of democracy in China. My most important point, however, was that the bus didn't have a driver. It was a double-decker that I drove. Elizabeth and I dubbed her the Shopping Queen. "Ladies Shopping will be the shopping experience of a lifetime but you should plan your strategies now..."

Eventually, I got the case and we would hold back on the history of repression in China because it was quite clear the clients didn't like it. It wasn't nice. At every point we stopped it, there was a hand to point us in as well as more upon waves of favorable Chinese not engaging our guests to the sites. It was much the same when we arrived at Tianjin, which has served Beijing as its principal port since time immemorial. As our bus hurtled along its way toward the capital,



EXECUTIONS IN CHINA ARE CARRIED OUT IN PUBLIC, AND FAMILIES ARE ASKED TO CONSIDER CASHING AND A GIFT FOR THE COST OF THE AMBULANCE

the roadies seemed heading with the great Chinese reality of unprosperous markets, kids playing pickup soccer, old men in card games, and a man standing by the gate who knows where I could see the chairman on the bus, and even agreed with it up to a point the country was poor, far from, but with what residents and visitors did the Chinese people go about living in it.

Suddenly we heard the approaching sound of several Public Security Bureau buses. Well, I knew they were the arms of the PDS, but the rest of the bus didn't and probably assumed it was an accident. The two guards ahead from the last night (the government's to write authority) knew, though. They had gone pale with anticipated anxiety. The strong leader and the bus passengers began to notice that the idea of the road were jammed with people standing still, seemingly waiting to move underneath. As it turned out, we were not the attention, merely a diversion prior to the headline act that came along soon enough.

Two motorcycle PDS officers wheeled directly at front of our bus and we were ordered to stop and pull over as much as possible to the side. The head officer tried to argue that he had important foreign guests ahead, but this didn't cut any ice. The passengers were now vaguely aware something serious was about to happen, and heaven knows what was going through their minds. Maybe they thought they were going to be held up for ransom. Never

and estimate the power of Hollywood to dominate our imaginations. My wife and I knew exactly what it was, however, and Hollywood had no reason to be concerned with the Chinese justice system. One of the condemned looked up, almost instinctively. One eye was in shadow. It was completely shut, but with the other eye he and I made contact for a couple of seconds. As I said, this on Good Friday, I can see how so clearly that it overwhelmed him and makes my soul shiver.

"They are about to be executed, aren't they?" a passenger asked after the truck finally made it past us and we were rolling again. The travel guides suddenly seemed to be nowhere so I stood up. I could see people around me and I saw, and I saw that the shipping train was here for them at the next stop. "What do they expect people for in China?"

"For murder," I replied. "For rape. For

supply for their names previously written in black, along with a huge red 'X' printed over each one, the results due to what was about to happen to them.

Each of the condemned men also had an armed PDS officer beside them, holding on to them either by the shoulder or at the neck. The prisoners' hands were tied behind their backs and they clearly had been beaten up for the passengers on the right side of the bus, there was only a window glass and less than a foot distance between them and the condemned men. Never before and never again, probably, would they have such close contact with the Chinese justice system. One of the condemned looked up, almost instinctively. One eye was in shadow. It was completely shut, but with the other eye he and I made contact for a couple of seconds. As I said, this on Good Friday, I can see how so clearly that it overwhelmed him and makes my soul shiver.

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KEN VALVIUS employs more than 100 sushi makers across Canada and in NYC. His annual sales of \$50 million could double in three years.

# SUSHI KING RULES

How an ex-banking executive cornered the sushi market



**A MACLEAN'S SPECIAL SERIES**  
BY PETER C. NEWMAN

FAST FOOD HAS a fast history. Hamburgers, for example, were believed to be invented by a Lebanese, Walter, (a) German (and named Charles) in 1855, when he flattened the meatballs he was selling and stuck them between slices of bread for customers who wanted quick service. Other fast foods are more recent inventions but only one can claim ancient roots: sushi, whose roots trace back 1,000 years to China, when diners' fish were seasoned with rice and allowed to ferment, which kept the fish edible—while the remains of the rice were discarded as spent preservative.

The dish took centuries to cross over to Japan, where fish was a staple and sushi gained a significant following among foodies and later as an example of Japan's culinary art. With

the addition of rice vinegar, diners began to eat the rice as well. The delicacy gradually spread across the globe, so the dinner set (japanese sushi) actually evolved their art.

It comes as a bit of a surprise that Canada's sushi king, who employs more than 100 workers here and in New York City—the vast majority of whom are sushi makers—is an earnest former banking executive who is rapidly cornering the domestic market for sushi, which he makes in over 30 varieties. Ken Valvius's private company, Ken's Sushi, Inc. Group Co. (Ken's annual sales of around \$50 million and could double in size in three years) "Our principal goal is to expand as a sushi company, both in terms of territory throughout Canada as well as geographically, going into new areas such as the United States," Valvius says. "We already have some franchises in New York, including the profitability of various sushi operations in North America, originally called Daisuki, the biggest and most successful take-out sushi operation in New York. It was owned by Takao, a large Japanese department store and real estate company that went bankrupt." Valvius bought the

franchised retail operation. "We also have three absolutely fabulous sites, all on Broad Way, one at Bowling Green, close to Wall Street, one at Canal, close to the World Trade Center site, and one at 19th, close to Times Square and the fashion district."

Valvius was born in 1941 in a downtown Toronto of business parents. His initial knowledge with the food industry was in a part-time dish-wash, busboy, line chef, and waiter during his high school years. He went to Europe for the first time when he was 14 to attend a Scout jamboree and later spent another summer backpacking around the continent with a friend. After graduating from the University of Toronto in 1964 with a bachelor of commerce degree, he qualified as a chartered accountant and flew inland from there. There, one of his contacts told him to work as an agent for gold bricks in the vaults in the Bank of Nova Scotia, deep beneath its head office on King Street West. "Even then," he recalls, "I wanted to do something interesting, and banking seemed to me a better way to go than becoming a diplomat, which I also considered. Basically there's more than

enough money involved in banking." After Prior Wentworth, he attended the American Graduate School of International Management in Toronto, where one compulsory qualification was to learn a foreign language. He picked Japanese. "I was Bill. They said there, and we ended up being very close friends. He was good from the time I had gone to Japan for two years, and came back speaking fluent Japanese. He made me realize that it's actually possible for a westerner to become very adept at Japanese. At the time, I'd gotten some contacts ideas about international banking because I wanted to live abroad as a Canadian, and knew the banks had great networks in overseas cities. So I decided that since New York, London and Tokyo were the financial centers, the only place they didn't speak English was Tokyo, and for commercial reasons I picked Japanese—this said without ever having eaten sushi."

He passed a second-level language proficiency test in Japan, the second highest from the top four levels, but which he had to learn a lot more characters. "I can talk about flowers and about everyday things, but once you get into flowers and such sort of areas, I wouldn't have a chance," Valvius says. It was mainly for his language skills that he was hired by a bank while still in graduate school. His first assignment was spent in Japan, living beside Mount Fuji at the government-sponsored International Institute for Studies and Training. He was 26 when he graduated, and, after training, started full time with the Bank of Nova Scotia in Tokyo as an account manager of investment banking. The move brought order changes as well. He had been doing his Toronto Canadian girlfriend, Monica, for five years, so they decided that since he was going to work in Japan, it was a great opportunity for them to be married.

It was in Tokyo that Valvius got his first serious taste of Japanese food. "I loved the way we had lunch every day," he recalls. "The Japanese, by custom, all have lunch at 12 o'clock, so everybody has to rush an elevator down every night at noon and they descend on the restaurants in the underground area. Japanese commuters are very quiet-conscious and jumpy, so somehow the restaurants have to find this room of tranquility right at 12 o'clock and feed them very well. I was the only one who kept their coming back, because of my Japanese background. The way they did that was through bento boxes, which are sort of plastic TV dinner containers, and they'd put us on relatively small helpings to begin, often five or six dishes in a single box."

When he was transferred to a more senior job in London, Valvius realized that the sushi trend was catching on there and in most other parts of the world. "I always wanted to have

my own business, and as though the years I'd had said that I'd eliminate over a period of time, but that whole notion of doing bento boxes and sushi was a strong one, and while I was still in Japan, I went around to all the supercenters, food fairs and department stores businesses where they've got those phenomenal food areas, and nobody thought with my video camera. I don't think Japanese people could have taken those films, they'd have been shocked away, but as a foreigner I literally took all sorts of helpful footage."

His trigger point for leaving London and the bank, and starting up his own firm, came when his home was broken into. "Some guy came into our house at the middle of the night," he recalls. "We were downstairs, and he jumped

to serving food in the basement." Valvius laughs. "I realized that I'd never seen bento—also that I probably wasn't the right sort of person to be promoted to the very highest levels. There are certain stuff that I didn't think I necessarily possessed—and God knows it's a very slippery slope up there."

But his new venture needed a name. "My wife and I hadn't been able to decide on the best," he recalls, "so we drank a bottle of wine and narrowed the list to a smaller group, and then drank another bottle of wine and finally, by the end of two bottles, picked the name Ken's Sushi. It's sort of a pun because Ken's was the restaurant—and Ken's was the name of a new sushi bar. The name seemed to sound a little more interesting."

**The only place they didn't speak English was Tokyo, so he learned Japanese—long before he'd eaten sushi**



"I've joked that I went from the executive dining room to serving food in the basement"

through our French doors and engaged with my wife's parents, which had our prospects and what have you. I made her really want to get back home. We had a two-year old child who hadn't seen that much of his grandparents and we were, so that was also a tipping point. But the deal between my wife and myself was, 'Okay, I will give you this great job at the bank and go to work in Toronto as long as I can have my own business.'"

He decided to open his first Canadian outlet in the concourse of Toronto's Scotiabank Place, something he has often joked about, given that when he left the bank after many years, his title was vice-president and director, which allowed him to eat in the executive dining room. "I went from the executive dining room

then calling it the New Series. We wanted to give it a bit of things that weren't traditional Japanese style lunch boxes. Originally, we called one of our dishes Scandinavian Light, it contained poached salmon with dill sauce and three different salads. That one still survives to this day."

At the time, most Canadians still thought of sushi preparation as only performed in specialty restaurants by acrobatic chefs who worked knives and forks, and that's what the sushi experience was all about. But Valvius was 35 and confident a woman's sushi diet, since he was still employable if he didn't work out. "I thought that things were becoming Japanified around the world," he remembers. "Kanada machines were being set up

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## WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY?



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everywhere, Japanese animation was being picked up in different places. Japan has been known for exporting cars and TV sets but that was the first wave. The next wave's all been cultural, and it has included Japanese food. We started the business in 1996 in Seattle, Wash., where our food was refrigerated, a combination of sushi, teriyaki boxes and sandwiches, with sushi the strongest part of our inventory. Volvur says: "And to us even though we opened

**His trigger point for leaving the bank came after a break-in at home**

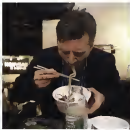


FIGURE 1: THERMAL ANALYSIS OF POLYMERIZATION OF 1,3-BIS(4-METHOXYPHENYL)BENZENE

a few other stores that looked like the first one but had this wider menu, sushi became the key thing, and we started opening up sushi kiosks at Sherway Gardens, the Eaton Centre, and all kinds of different places."

Along with that came a move into supermarkets, which had opened the Santeo Nosa wine products. "So we began making wines in a small winery in Sicily," Valore says, "and eventually graduated to a larger factory in Scarborough." Factories would later open in Ottawa, Montreal and Vancouver. "At the same time," he says, "we realized that people wanted to have wine made right in front of them before they bought it, so we started to put small tanks into supermarkets, and also our own informal sales kiosks. Now we have

26 said he knows that not our own outlets across North America. We found that if you were willing to accept the amount of sushi that had been made off site in a factory, you'd sell five times that amount if there was a sushi chef working in front of the customers. First of all it would be very valuable and the whole image of being fresh is reinforced. Three quarters of all the sushi that we sell is made right on the spot with chefs working in the stores."

Most of Valbu's snails has a single-day shelf life and is purchased within the first two or three hours after it has been prepared. The snails that delivered from Valbu's factories has a longer shelf life, typically by using a higher moisture content in the rice. He is also diversifying by selling hyper-fresh sandwiches—for example, gauger chicken with seafood.

Valtur has one partner, Glenn Brown, whose outdoor company he acquired in 2002. Outside participants through a group called Whatevs Private Equity, founded by Ephraim Davidson, who co-owned Club Mac Farview. "The reason our business is so valuable is unique, and what makes it an unassessable vehicle [valuation] is magical business fiction," says Brown.

since it's an investment target, is the fact that we've done a couple of things differently from other companies." Walzer contends, "We have our own employees spread throughout rural China and cities across Canada and presently across North America. It's unique to have your own employees in other people's premises. What we can do is have a completely different level of customer service, to be able to control our own merchandising, to provide an element of theatre that other food producers can't have if they're just putting on a shelf some place. So that's a truly innovative thing, and you don't find many companies that do that."

And you don't find too many former vice-presidents of major banks out there hustling rubber, either. ■

#### THE ONLY ILLUSION WAS THE DISABILITY CLAIM

Nigel Hardwar of Marlow, England, was denying disability benefits after claiming to be too sick to work. Friends told him to stand otherwise when they saw him on TV as an illusionist who wiggled out of a chair while standing on a bed of nails. Among Hardwar's other disability-sporting tricks were sword swallowing and bathing in broken glass. A magistrate warned that if he strayed again, the court would come down on him "like a ton of bricks."

## Inching toward the truth about Biovail

STEVE  
BACON

**STEVE MAJICH**

In this country, our market regulations have a long reputation. The rubric is so familiar it's almost a cliché: why don't we have robust aggressive market cops like they do in the United States? Why don't we hold the corporate miscreants' feet to the fire like they do in the U.S. of A?

Well, for all the well-financed and high-profile Ruggings south of the border, the Ontario Securities Commission (our de facto national regulator) is miles ahead of its American counterpart in one important respect—and that difference could be crucial to the unfolding case against Special Corp. and some of its current and former officers.

In the U.S., securities laws have their own

precipitous results. Phone ops and massive fines create a crowd-pleasing spectacle of orthodoxy. But the facts, the assignment of blame and acceptance of responsibility are all arguable—none to have, but frequently sacrificed for the sake of efficiency. Nobody explains. Nobody apologizes. Maybe some aggressive prosecutor will try to put some one in jail (like Bernard Ebner, Jeff Skilling or Conrad Black) but most of the time, you write a cheque and you're off the hook.

So it was this week, with the former indicted Canadian drug company Brown, founded by Mr. Ottawa Senator, Eugene Melnyk. On Monday, the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission brought charges against Brown, Melnyk and three others for a slew of accounting and securities violations allegedly committed between 2000 and 2004.

The reorganization has been crawling along for more than four years now, but no sooner had the SEC announced the charges than a federal appellate court had settled them with a payment of \$150 million to the SEC. (The case against individual executives is still moving ahead.) As usual in such cases, the settlement came with no admission of any wrong doing. Don't bad or with confidence or even an agreed statement of facts, just skip it right to the penalty and forget about all the messy business of explaining what actually... you know. *Continued*

As far as the SEC is concerned, this is a reasonable trade-off. Why go through the trouble of a trial when a company is willing to cough up the penalty without a fight? For the moment, it's a compromise. When does a choice

to walk away from an expensive, messy and potentially humiliating court case, without so much as saying "sorry." You sign the check and bless your luck. In recent years, billions of dollars have been handed over to U.S. regulators this way—from the likes of *Wheaton*, *Packard*, *HealthSouth* and *Merrill Lynch*, to name a few—all for crimes that may or may not have been committed. The firms, lost in a cloud of hearing and conjecture, never to see the inside of a courtroom.

But luckily for those interested in justice, the Ontario Securities Commission also began proceedings in the case on Monday. And on



**Was it all a simple misunderstanding or a massive con?**

there's still hope that we might one day learn what exactly transpired, and who was responsible for the destruction of a once-formidable company. Once you consider the seriousness of the allegations, you realize how wildly important that is.

The G&C, for example, alleges that Boeing intentionally inflated its financial results by helping set up a so-called "special purpose entity" to undertake research and development work on its behalf. It thus incurred roughly \$45 million in expenses related to that R&D work. This leak, moreover, is distinctly reminiscent of the financial shell game devised by the GPO at a company you may have heard of—it was called Enron.

Then there was the matter of Baroff's infamous truck accident. Back in 2004, the congressman crashed his Chevrolet Equinox on the

sending the truck crumbling. The driver said it was because a critical shipment of pills was involved in a truck crash in a zone of 300 miles to two million. Well, according to the OGC, that truck crash had nothing whatsoever to do with the company's disappointing earnings. The shipment left the factory on the final day of September, meaning the revenue could only have been booked in the fourth quarter, even if the truck had made it safely to the customer. To make matters worse, the OGC accuses Biotech of wildly inflating the amount of sales offered to the president.

There are several more allegations of accounting chicanery—a sham transaction is occurring, mistake that was unreported for months—all of it aimed at creating the illusion of a company far healthier than it really was. Throughout that time, Milberg and others received massive salaries and rich stock options, and if the OAC is to be believed,

company executives had anticipated had to cover it up once the story began to spread.

All these allegations are years old now, and they've never been

entitled to court, but the case is anything but ancient history. Three of the four individuals named in the case—Molyneux, Howling and John Mizusaki—are all still associated with World Molyneux is the company's largest single shareholder, while the other two ex-finance executives now hold "senior officer" positions. And that makes Mizusaki's \$10-million deal with the SEC all the more perplexing. How can Mizusaki make charges in non-judicial terms, while still fighting in a federal, even as there is no inside a stand accused of gross shareholder abuse?

For his part, Malyuk is promising a fight to the very end. "I intend to vigorously contest the absolutely false allegations of the SEC and OSC under the confidence that I will prevail once all the facts are heard," Malyuk said in a statement Monday. And for that, we should thank him. The fight will be illuminating.

somehow is going to have to stand up and spill the beans. Either all this can be more easily explained away, or it can't. Either there has been a spectacular blunder by investigators, or it has been an audacious con job by some of the best-known and best-paid men in the country. That question demands an answer, not a U.S.-style settlement and some of silence. One to come, Mr. Minsky.

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## Best Buy isolates its 'demons'

**BY PHILIPPE DORIER** • There are those who shop at Best Buy and those who don't. The dichotomy seems simple enough. But according to internal company documents leaked to the popular Consumer blog, Best Buy doesn't think all its customers are equal. Take "Ray Middle America." It's one of eight typical customers immortalized in the leaked training documents as a persona, a stereo type that allows staff to quickly recognize his needs and spending habits. "Ray" is an ordinary consumer. He "loves Best Buy" is a hard-



**CHEAPSKATE** bargain hunters are not encouraged in Best Buy stores

core "tech-savvy, middle-class" employee—and he's the company's "bread and butter." According to the documents, he's responsible for over 30 per cent of its sales.

The documents also warn staff they'll be better "skating" to their elders, people like "empty-nester Charlie and Helen." Shoppers over the age of 55, the documents note, have \$14,000 more per year than any other age group to spend on things like electronics. And while Helen is a fan of Best Buy regulars, she is "reluctant" to use "tech," and is open to being sold technology that will keep her "connected to her community."

Best Buy isn't just interested in identifying good customers, it also wants to isolate those who don't fit into its sales strategy. In 2004, the chain estimated that as many as 10 per cent of its 500 million customers who visit its U.S. stores are "cheap customers"—shop skippers who don't make it past the discount bin. The leaked personas are those customers Best Buy wants to keep—the "single"—rather than those who go with the discount. (Dorier, in his report on consumer behaviour at the University of British Columbia, says such a strategy is not only common, it may be good business practice, too. "Some people are little sharks of their consumers, they don't make money on," he says. "It's in their interest to either change those consumers or lose them. Let 'em go, shop at Wal-Mart.") ■

## Tim Hortons: r-r-r-rolling in imitators

**BY NANCY MACDONALD** • It's Roll Up the Rim season again. Across the country, coffee lovers are joining and gnawing at the rims of their paper coffee cups, hoping to reveal a free cruiser or a new plasma-screen TV. But this year, they're not just snarfing Tim Hortons' ubiquitous red and yellow paper cups. Canada's rival coffee chain has hijacked Tim's most famous promotion.

Coffee Time is currently running a similar contest, called "Flip a Winner" (just flip the rim to win). Robert's Demos is calling their contest "Flip to Win." And, for a week in early March, Grocery Style—which is holding its own "Turn in a Winner" contest—promoted losing Tim Hortons cups for a free medium coffee. Tim's hasn't yet responded to requests for comment. Lee Willey-Toril is now selling a \$1 plastic device to surround the rim of disposable coffee cups. It's called the RimRoller.

It's no surprise Tim Hortons' rivals are ripping off the contest, says Eric Nowak, founder of the Ajax-based media consulting firm Modern Media Perspectives. "It's blatant marketing." Normally a Starbucks drinker, Nowak switches to Tim Hortons during contest season, admitting he's because well-argued with the team contesting on Tim's behalf. "Never mind that you just bought a coffee when you win that doughnut, you feel like you've just won a lottery." And the chance to win keeps customers coming back again and again.

The original idea for the 20-year-old contest belongs to now-retired Tim's location advertising manager Matt Burt. But Burt admits he himself was looking off south-and-west coasters. In any event, Tim's isn't going to fight over the rights to Roll Up the Rims. "Innovation is the highest form of flattery," says Tim Hortons' Calgary-based spokeswoman, Rachel Douglas. Let's just hope Tim's doesn't get re-called out the Scottish by evergreen. ■



**RIM SHOT:** Tim's popular contest inspired other doughnut chains

## Save the earth and impress lots of chicks

**BY JASON KIRBY** • While racing his Tesla Roadster through the streets of Santa Monica last month, Tesla's billionaire chairman Elon Musk went without using the car's cruise control, and all the other worthy places that come with owning the fully electric sports car. There were also the bragging rights. "I went to an event at Chateau Marmont, that's like a celebrity hangout in LA," Musk told an interviewer. "When I came back, there was a guy standing in front of the car and he said 'Wow, a Tesla, it's like a lovely Porsche.'"



**JUST THE TESLA's battery may cost more than an entire Prius**

Last week, after several delays, Tesla did it: it has finally begun production of the Roadster. Musk, the internet megabillionaire behind the project, the co-founded PayPal, suddenly got first dibs. But whether for show or ego, more than 800 people have already pre-ordered the car at US\$109,000 a pop. Tesla is now accepting reservations, with a US\$8,800 deposit, for the 2009 model.

The car has sparked a buzz in the auto industry. Capable of going from zero to 60 mph in under four seconds, and reaching a top speed of 210 mph, the Roadster can do doughnuts around the Toyota Prius. When it comes, Tesla dominates twice as efficiently as the Prius. The Roadster can travel 190 km on one charge, and costs just three dollars to recharge. Not that anyone who needs to count pennies should buy one. Estimates for the cost of replacing the battery alone range from US\$40,000 to more than the price of a brand-new Prius.

If the car moves fast, do company boss's Production was to begin in 2007, but Tesla faced regulatory hurdles and delays over its manufacturing. Now, with the car on the streets, Musk is focusing on a sedan called the Whitestar. Not that a car aimed at fast lanes will do quite the same excitement from Musk. "I really think the Roadster is the most fun car I've ever owned," Musk wrote on his blog last month, "beating out the McLaren. I'd read my 2007 Porsche 911 Turbo." ■



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# If every home in the U.S. put in one compact fluorescent light bulb...

the savings in greenhouse gas emissions would be wiped out by fewer than two medium-sized coal plants. The kind of plant that is being built in China at a rate of one a week.



# WHAT IT WILL REALLY TAKE TO STOP GLOBAL WARMING

BY COLIN CAMPBELL • Last month, hundreds of NHL hockey players teamed up with the David Suzuki Foundation to take part in what they called the Carbon Neutral Challenge. Hockey players, it turns out, are particularly bad for the environment. They do a lot of flying around the continent, playing games in big, power-hungry arenas, which in turn pump a lot of carbon dioxide into the air.

The solution, the players' union and the Suzuki Foundation decided, was to start buying carbon offsets—essentially small investments (each player will pay \$150 a year) in things like wind farms and hydroelectric projects to "offset" their impact on the environment.

Their plan was one of the countless ideas being bandied in Canada and other Western nations to help people reduce their so-called carbon footprint and do their part in the fight against global warming. So quickly has this green industry grown that people can now put their money into everything from green investment funds to green energy companies. Never mind hybrid cars, there are green computers, green grocery stores and even green, carbon neutral weddings. Green is everywhere, and the message behind it is as simple as this: structure change your day to day habits, consume less, and for a small price, you can solve global warming. The only problem with it is this: you can't. In fact, you can't even come close.

Around the world, emissions are skyrocketing even in countries that signed to the Kyoto accord, they are on the upswing. Look at any graph projecting greenhouse gas emissions this century and beyond, and you will see a line going sharply upwards—a mass doubling in a decade of effort and tens of billions of dollars spent trying to reduce greenhouse gases. Even if every household

in the U.S. switched to an energy efficient light bulb today, the savings in greenhouse gas emissions would be wiped out by fewer than two medium-sized coal plants—the kind of plant that is being built in China at a rate of one a week. If everyone in North America started driving hybrid cars tomorrow, it would contribute just a fraction of the overall reduction needed to cut global emissions 50 percent by 2050—a minimum target scenario widely agreed we must meet.

The problem, say a growing number of environmental economists and academics, is that, in solving global warming, has been looked at as a kind of pollution problem that can be regulated away in a relatively cheap way using existing technologies. Yet efforts to solve what is increasingly described as the greatest challenge facing mankind have run aground on individual policy fixes that are an integral part of every major economy in the world. Rich nations refuse to give them up and, more importantly, poor—and more populous—ones are relying on them to lift them from poverty. Facing global warming requires nothing short of reimagining energy infrastructure and economies all around the world. Instead, what we're doing is reducing ecological footprints with light bulbs, waterless campaigns and carbon offsets for the environmentally conscious buying books and putting up Christmas lights.

Last year, the Paris-based International Energy Agency compiled a list of ways to reduce greenhouse gas emissions, which it presented at the United Nations Climate Change Conference in Bali, outlining what's required in order to meet emissions reductions of 50 percent by 2050. The list, described by the *Los Angeles Times*, included 30 new nuclear power plants, 27,000

wind turbines, 400 biomass power plants, one hydroelectric dam the size of China's massive Three Gorges project, and 42 coal or natural gas plants using carbon capture technology to store CO<sub>2</sub> emissions underground. But that's not all. It concluded that all of that would have to be built and up and running by 2013—and the process repeated every year until 2050.

It is an almost comical proposition. A new nuclear power plant hasn't been built in the U.S. in 30 years. In Canada, nuclear power has been a political minefield. A wind farm in Cape Cod got just a few hundred turbines has been stalled for years because of strong local opposition, and projects like it seem to coast are running into NIMBYism, as well as real environmental concerns of their own. China's Three Gorges dam, which has caused untold ecological damage, has been under construction for well over a decade and is still not completed. "You look at each of these things, and you go, 'Oh my God, how does this happen?'" says Michael Shellenberger, president of the Oakland, Calif.-based Breakthrough Institute, an environmental think tank. "The engineering challenge there is enormous, but combine that with economic, political, and even environmental obstacles, it can start to feel pretty damn overwhelming."

What if the list of solutions just fully close the the light against global warming is being lost in a sea of technological fixes, and the tactics being used have badly muddled the nature and scope of the problem. And for that, some of the blame, at least, falls on the environmental movement itself. In 2004, Shellenberger and a colleague, Ted Nordhaus, wrote a landmark paper titled "The Death of Environmentalism," which attacked the movement's lack of focus and its focus on "technical policy fixes like pollution controls and higher vehicle mileage standards." "What the environmental movement needs more than anything else right now," they wrote, "is to take a collective step back and rethink everything." Environmentalism, they concluded, had become "just another special interest." The accord didn't sit well with critics across environmental groups—the *Sierra Club* called its conclusion "troubling and divisive"—but it stirred an uproar and launched a much needed debate on just how things went so wrong.

One of the main problems, argue the Shellenbergers, is that global warming is fundamentally different from a problem like acid rain. Environmental groups like the *Sierra Club* and NDCI had won big battles before, and there was little reason to think they couldn't fix down global warming with the same strategy that had brought about success like the Montreal Protocol, which

addressed the depletion of the ozone layer. But the fight for the ozone layer involved relatively few industries, and was also known as CFCs that were easily replaceable. Motorists with global warming and food fuels. The environmental movement knew how to take on a polluting industry like light-bulb manufacturers, says Bill Mitchell, a well-known environmental writer at Middlebury College. "We've been strong enough to get analysts' attention, but not cars. That's a different order of magnitude from translating our eco-creativity and taking on the most powerful and richest parts of our economy."

But the environmental movement continues to rely on cars, grassroots action, the strategy with which it has traditionally been most comfortable. At a long time from movement, it faces its past successes in making small, incremental changes. Now, even

subsidies (bribes and credits to businesses and individuals that reduce emissions) and setting long-term emissions targets, a tactic that Canadian politicians have been especially enamored with. None has worked.

Under the Kyoto protocol, Canada committed to cutting emissions 5.6 percent below 1990 levels by 2012. More recently, the federal government said it would aim to cut emissions 20 percent from 2005 levels by 2020. All that Canada has to show for it is a new emissions target of about 14 percent since 1990, and no concrete policies, just vague talk about emissions limits on industry and modest funding for carbon capture and storage. Environmental groups have understandably cried foul at the lack of political will that undermines these well-intentioned efforts, but they have largely continued to support the underlying policies. "The environmentalists were applying political pressure during an election based

on government in the West to defend not take up serious measures themselves, even as they encourage emissions from manufacturing to those outside. In any case, the hard reality is that any solution to global warming must address this very large, dirty problem and it must begin to do so in short order.

The good news, if there is any, is that the planet isn't beyond saving. There is now a growing awareness that global warming is really a fundamental economic dilemma: how to make it more expensive to emit carbon dioxide, while drastically reducing the costs of new, alternative sources. As an environmental movement, led by economists, that is the environmental movement group, it is clearly taking root, and it is offering economic solutions that strike at the heart of the global climate change problem—policies like carbon prices, trading schemes, and emissions reductions in alternative markets.

Market-based solutions have been around for more than a century—there have been talking about them for two decades. But they've only recently caught on with environmental groups. "It's only become part of the discourse since Nicholas Stern came out with his report," says Jimmie Matheson, of the Sierra Club of Canada. Stern, a former chief economist with the World Bank, was the 2006 report, one of the most important and widely discussed on climate change, recommending governments embrace economic policies aimed at fixing global warming.

These days, an emission market exists in the European Union, and similar schemes have been a topic of much debate in Canada and the United States. Under so-called cap-and-trade systems, companies that emit too much are not and companies are auctioned permits by governments to emit carbon dioxide. In contrast to straightforward limits on emissions, there are strong financial incentives to work here—companies that emit less than their limit (ideally by seeking out efficient and new technologies) can sell their unused permits. Already, the value of carbon permits traded last year in Europe was estimated to be worth five billion.

If that's the correct side of the equation, for a glimpse of the stark, look no further than British Columbia. When B.C. announced a plan this month to put a tax on carbon emissions, environmental comments around the world called Premier Gordon Campbell a collective post on the back, as did environmental groups. It wasn't just that the move was politically bold—introducing new taxes is never popular, especially ones that threaten to jack up the price of fossil fuels—but the



SOLAR POWER costs 10 times more than fossil fuels. Until alternative energy is much cheaper in places like China, things won't change.

proven's new approach to global warming was a page torn straight from the economist's dirty notebook. B.C. will put a modest price on carbon dioxide, not just for a few large emitters, but for everyone. Everything from gasoline to heating bills will cost a little more. The plan is neither voluntary, nor does it offer any loopholes. And as carbon prices go up, markets should begin to seek out more efficient energy solutions. "In order to have a meaningful impact on emissions at 20 and 30 years down the road you need to start today with serious policies, and that is the only one I've seen in Canada," says Jacobson.

Jacobson has reason to be pleased. The new B.C. policy has a striking resemblance to his own proposals, including the critical element of putting a price on carbon as a way that doesn't struggle an economy adduced to itself. That means a carbon price that ramps up over time (from a rate of \$10 per tonne of carbon emissions this year to \$10 a tonne by 2012) and keeps the revenue back into other programs. The impact may be small, even negligible in the beginning, but it is nevertheless a pragmatic step toward fixing the global warming problem.

Markets could be a powerful tool in controlling greenhouse gas problems, but there are still obstacles. Europe's cap-and-trade system recently collapsed in 2004 when, under pressure from industry, too many permits were offered and prices plummeted. In the U.S., some industries have tried to push back against efforts to establish a trading system, arguing that permits should be given away, not sold. And some economists argue that under these systems, companies will focus only on short-term energy efficiency (and

the use of current technologies). Even B.C.'s leadership has its doubts: some question how effective a carbon tax really is when the revenue it raises is simply handed back to polluters rather than put toward the kind of long-term fixes that are so badly needed.

Meanwhile, climate scientists now say that global warming is happening much faster than anticipated. One recent report, in the Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences, concluded that global emissions from fossil fuels will double in just 23 years, not 33, as previously thought. According to NASA scientist James Hansen, the next, upper limit of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is 550 parts per million. The current concentration, over 380 parts per million. Observers point to the rapid melting of

Arctic ice as evidence of how bad things have become in recent months.

What this calls for is something more audacious than carbon pricing and emissions markets alone. The only thing that may be able to spark the kind of radical transformation that's needed, says Stanley in the new environmental movement, is a huge boost in public spending on energy research and development—something on the magnitude of the spending that fueled the U.S. space program. "We shouldn't pretend that all these technologies exist and we just need to scale them up or that a modest price for carbon will accomplish anything like that," says the Brookings Institute's Shellenbarger. Things like wind, biomass, and solar power don't yet exist in forces that could fuel the world's energy needs. Shellenbarger flies to cite Al Gore's conclusion to his An Inconvenient Truth documentary that "we already know everything we need to know to effectively address this problem." Gore has since revised that, stating that we have everything we need to start fixing the climate problem. But this, says Shellenbarger, is not the way we have everything, we need to start traveling at the speed of light.

Shellenbarger is one of the main champions of making massive public investments into energy research. Governments, he argues, have played a critical role in energy development throughout history, from national railways to the aerospace industry to computer technologies. If we move from a national carbon tax system (with only a low carbon price) in the United States was pumped up to energy R & D, it could fuel an annual investment of up to \$80 billion, he argues in



though it's confronting a problem that's global in scope and addressing a population that is socially flattening or mass, the same old strategies are mindbogglingly slow. On September 28, 2009, as part of an event called Earth Hour, people are being encouraged to turn their lights off for an hour. The event is aimed at raising awareness about climate change, participating in "one simple action that you can take to help make a difference," said organizers. Precisely what kind of difference is open to debate. If this entire world stopped using energy for a month, it'd save an hour, it would not cut us in our addiction to fossil fuels, nor postpone global warming. If the goal was simply to raise awareness, then Earth Hour is a questionable use of resources—the environmental movement already was that, recently, global warming is not a problem lacking for awareness.

As the battle heats on, what is there is that will remain will not make much of a difference—voluntary and involuntary both. Fully, correctly, they people can about the carbon, but just as much to give up the car, or switch to a standard of living based on energy consumption. And on the corporate level, too, solutions to date have focused largely on voluntary measures: things like

**"In the developing world there's very little understanding of why they should cut their living standards and deny their kids better health care or schools or things we take for granted to avoid a problem in 50 or a 100 years"**





a recent paper in the *Mercury News* and *Polygraph* Review. Within the scientific community, too, the only growing consensus that this may be the only answer. Last December a group of environmental scientists and scholars went to the U.S. Congress to call for an investment in energy technologies "with the spirit of an Apollo or Manhattan program." That would mean a minimum of \$10 billion in annual spending, they said (up from the current level of about \$3 billion).

As it stands, making alternative energies remain prohibitively expensive. Solar energy is somewhere at the neighborhood of 10 times more expensive than fossil fuels like coal. China is one of the largest manufacturers of photovoltaic cells used for solar energy, but given the costs, there's no hope that it will

bring to solve the problem," he says. But however much environmentalists might like the idea of more government money for alternative energies, the fact is, the idea of selling for a large-scale, public-private energy technology hasn't been a priority. "The institutional economy, which guides the U.S. having very closely to the science of climate change, have actually rejected the science of energy economics," says Shellenbeger. Muddling the debate even more for environmentalists is the fact that even if big investments in energy research happen, in the short term, the world will continue to depend on things like coal and gas. "There's a transition process we have to go through. It's going to be fossil fuel intensive and coal intensive and we've got to stick that carbon

match toward, enormous emissions targets. Despite the Stern report, ideas like carbon taxes, a trading scheme and huge investments in clean energy have not made it to the top of national political agendas. The next critics are in B.C.'s carbon tax has at least been measuring. "Symbolically, it's terrifically important," says Hester-Dixon. "It's a tax and Campbell hasn't taken a huge political hit from it." At the same time, federal Environment Minister John Baird has far out rejected the idea of a national carbon tax.

If any of this is going to happen, economists hope it will, only very significant political pressure in places like Washington and Ottawa will create results, says McKibbin, whose new project called 150 people reference to the 100 parts per million of CO<sub>2</sub> in the atmosphere that scientists say is a safe level) is aimed at rallying a grassroots political movement to a new, more global focus. Its message, he says: "This score in the new light bulbs and then scores for new houses—the second is considerably more important than the first."

None of the economists or scholars who are critical of past environmental efforts to tackle global warming appear doing the little things—the light bulbs, the hybrid cars, the energy appliances. Twenty years of public education by environmental groups on the reality and dangers of global warming have also been inevitable. It wasn't long ago that climate change deniers were in the mainstream, not the fringe.

But with the problem belated to be worsening and very little to show in the way of results, there is also the growing risk that panic over global warming will sooner or later give way to a sense of futility. Recent polls in Britain and the U.S. have shown that there is widespread awareness about the severity of global warming, but also a growing lack of enthusiasm and even cynicism over what's being done. "Our focus on global warming and doing so in the wrong direction are going to lead people to eventually be frustrated as I keep worrying about it," argues Lomborg. And that, in the end, would be the movement's biggest failure of all. ■



**China and India have been used by governments in the West to defend weak environmental policy, even as we outsource emissions to those nations. Any solution must address the very large and dirty problem they pose.**



start using them instead of coal. "As the developing world thinks it's very little or no understanding of why they should cut their living standards and essentially deny their kids better health care or better education or get things that we take for granted to avoid a problem in 50 or 100 years," says Peter Lomborg, the controversial author of *Cool It* and the director of the Copenhagen Consensus Center. Used alternative energy sources cost that can be used on large scale and as cheaply as coal in places like China, global warming will continue at a steady clip.

Lomborg is a popular but polarizing figure in the global warming debate. One of the most vocal critics of environmental efforts like Kyoto, he argues that the cost of past efforts to confront global warming have badly outweighed any benefits. "There's something fundamentally wrong about believing that we can cut carbon emissions dramatically while it costs as much." It's not not economically viable, he says. And while one could debate the morality of his argument, it's hard to argue with the pragmatic reality it represents. Yet 15 years of policy have been inked on the idea that the world and our carbon emissions despite the cost, rather than investing in research to make future technologies much cheaper. Spending today on things like solar power, Lomborg says, amounts to little more than window dressing. "A few rich people at the rich part of the world will put them up on their roof to make themselves look good, but it's not really

anywhere," says Thomas Homer-Dixon, with the Institute Center for Peace and Conflict Studies at the University of Toronto. That, he argues, means investing in things like nuclear power and, more importantly, in bio-capture and storage, in which CO<sub>2</sub> from industrial sources, like the oil seeds and coal-fired power plants, is pumped underground. Environmentalists argue that this too big polluters off the hook—industry hoarding what it's doing without making real shifts away from fossil fuels. "Our response is, wake up to reality, guys," he says. "These are the big energy actors. You're not going to shut them down. You have to create win-win opportunities: win for business, win for the environment, win for Canadian society."

Of course, if policies like publicly funded R & D projects and the like are going to make the jump from merely from scientific papers and debating circles to reality, a key ingredient is political support. There are varying degrees of optimism over how likely it is that politicians will embrace these strategies and dump their

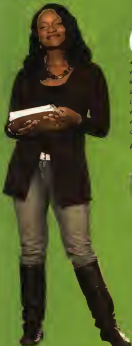
**MAN  
VS.  
NATURE**

#### HAYSTACK BANK NO BARRIER TO HUNGRY THIEVES

An unidentified Ethiopian farmer was so afraid of losing his life savings if his house burned down that he opted to hide the equivalent of \$12,000 in a haystack. Despite receiving repeated advice to keep his money in the bank, the farmer opted for this. Peril, according to the Ethiopian News Agency. But after only three weeks at the hay, the stash was reduced by a third when hungry rats found the money and ate it.



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TRACEY NORBERG with her reborn, Liam. "You don't have to get up in the middle of the night, you don't have to change their diapers."

## It's not a doll. It's a baby.

**You don't 'buy' a reborn. You adopt one. For some women, 'it fills a void.'**

**BY ALEXANDRA SHIMO** • Three-month-old Victoria has gray-blue eyes and rosy-brown hair, just like her mother. She weighs five pounds and sits erect, and is 18 1/2 inches long, the same as when she was first adopted. This morning, 26-year-old Mary Shalloos is dressing her.

"Do you want to get changed?" Mary asks in a quiet, soothing voice as she pulls out a pair of baby-pink dungarees with fabric-pink flowers. The question is rhetorical. Victoria will be dressed regardless of what she wants, and in any event her wishes would be extremely difficult to discern, since the lifelike creature lying in a wicker basket and being dressed is not a baby at all, but a special type of doll.

To understand why Shalloos, a 37-year-old and a history buff, is addressing a vinyl doll as if it were her child requires entering the growing world of rebearing. Reborn dolls look, feel and react just like real babies. They

look so realistic, in fact, that they are often mistaken for the real thing. Every aspect of their anatomy has been carefully constructed to imitate the experience of looking at and holding a baby. The dolls are painted with the same slightly blotchy coloring noticeable on a very young infant. Their bodies are stuffed with soft silicone so that their legs, fingers, head and hands have the same floppy weight and feel of a real newborn baby. They even have the same suckle-suckle action, so that anyone picking one up will instinctively put the head.

"My daughter, who is a naturalist, came, and she's not even, scary because they are so lifelike," says Martha Engleheart, who is a nurse and has five reborns, partly because she has always collected dolls, but also to compensate for not having any grandchild. "It doesn't seem like I have them. They are the next best thing to having a baby."

These dolls are not meant for children, but for adult collectors, says Engleheart. The collectors are almost always women. And when people respond to them like real children, they aren't "bought" or "sold." Reborns are "adopted" from a nursery, although money still exchanges hands.

"It would feel bad saying you are selling babies, so we say they are adopted," says Michele Barry Seale, a London, Ont., doll-maker who specializes in reborn and does a false adoption certificate with each of her creations. Barry-Seale started two "nurseries" for her creations, "Baby Steps" and "Where a Child's Born," named after a Christmas carol about the birth of Jesus.

It takes up to six hours to make a reborn: the bulk of time is spent dressing the hair and painting the creases, discolorations and imperfections that make the skin look realistic. Pale-skinned dolls require 15 to 30 layers, says Kim Becker, who made Shalloos's doll. Darker-skinned dolls can take longer since they require more coats of paint. Because of the time and skill involved, the dolls cost between \$250 and \$500, despite models can go for up to \$3,000 on eBay. With all the work that goes into making the dolls, some doll makers find they become emotionally attached to their creations. When Becker donated to Shalloos's house to hold one Victoria, wrapped in a baby blanket, for adoption, she cried.

To recreate a child's hair growth pattern, Becker strands each hair once the doll's head is individually done. Some people send in their own hair for the doll maker to use, as the hair of a child. Others will send in photos of themselves as a baby so the doll will look like them, or even photos of children who have died. The popularity of the dolls has exploded in the past year, says Pat Brown, owner of Secret Dolls, which sells dolls on the craft of creating reborns, books, paints, berbs, faces,

needles, eyeballs, and the other hundreds of tools and supplies doll makers can use to make their baby replicas. The company also has a new line of eyeballs, fake tears and nose dribs, used to create the doll's nostrils, as well as dozens of other products. In the past year, sales of dolls at Brown are up 50 per cent. Other companies report similar growth. JC Toys began selling kits in December 2007 and hopes to double production this year. "There's a trend that's growing just past Canada and the United States, but in Europe, Africa, and Latin America," Secret says.

As the dolls grow more popular, doll makers keep adding new details to simulate the experience of holding a real baby. There are reborns that seem to breathe, ones that have a fluttering heart, others that feel warm to the touch, since they come with heating packs. There are dolls modeled after premature babies that are sold with incubators, a breathing apparatus taped to their nostrils. Some makers add a smelly, baby-powder scent. Doll-maker Becker waxes her reborns repeatedly to baby shampoo so they no longer smell of vinyl but like a freshly bathed infant.

"There is a comparison to see just how realistic these things can be," Barry-Seale explains. "When I see real and making these dolls everyone wanted to make them look real. Now they are trying to make them feel and act real."

For some, the realism is too much. Philip Engleheart, whose wife Martha has the five reborns, finds the whole thing a little odd. "They look like dead babies," he complains from his Walkman, Ont., home. Barry-Seale is familiar with that reaction. Some people, she says, find them creepy and disgusting and are absolutely terrified by them. "They don't want to touch them, or even be in the same room with a reborn. But others are drawn to them. Women often approach Barry-Seale and write stories about losing a child, or wanting a baby and not being able to conceive, she says. One middle-aged London, Ont., woman would regularly attend the art and craft vendors where the reborn dolls would display her creations, not to buy the dolls but merely to hold them and say "The fact that you're babies means they touch something inside of most women," she explains. This day-of-the-fairer acquaintance of the women interviewed for this story called the dolls babies in conversation.

Homespun Trace Names, 40, lives in Mississauga, Ont., with her eight-year-old son Richard and her husband. She found out about reborns at the Internet, where there are web sites, chat rooms, photos and poems devoted to the baby replicas. Morris bought her reborn, Luna, in January 2008 from Kay Orens, a doll-maker who lives in Cranfield, Ala. Morris says the fit in love with Luna as soon as she saw her. He looks exactly like Richard did when he was a baby. With Luna, Morris gets to engage in some of the mothering rituals she has come to miss at Richard has grown. Holding the reborn is relaxing, she says, and makes her feel needed, even though she knows that Luna, being a doll, does not actually need anything. "I know it's just pretend but you have the same feelings because he looks so

seven have her own children. It even means painful through her twenties. Many of her friends have settled down and begun to start their own families, and they often talk about their children's costumes, artwork and progress, she says, making it hard not to feel left out. Victoria, whose Shalloos name means calls "an little girl," has helped ease some of these feelings of longing. The reborn doll was her mother's idea, but the craft is a bit of the void inside of me," she explains quietly. She's sitting in a crib holding Victoria, whom the driver has mistaken for a newborn, heading back from her best friend's house. "Secrety agrees you to have done certain things be considered a successful adult. I'm 36 and I still live with my parents, and I don't have children, so it's hard not

**Some find the dolls slightly creepy. 'They look like dead babies,' says one husband.**



REBORNS weigh about the same as a small newborn. Some seem to breathe; others feel warm to the touch.

lifelike," she explains. "It's like having a real baby, but it doesn't have the same heart. You don't have to get up in the middle of the night, you don't have to fix their bottles, you don't have to change their diapers."

There are experienced Shalloos on the scene. The Winnipegger has always wanted to have children, says one she can remember. Then, when she was 15, she found out that the heart problems that prevent her from working—she has several heart and valve conditions, including partial one functioning valve—mean she cannot conceive. The news was a blow at the time, the fact she'd

to feel that society is judging you." Since Victoria looks so much like a real baby, sometimes Shalloos will ask her little name, Aaliyah, is, to "babysit." Other times, Shalloos will bundle Victoria up in a baby pink jersey onesie, blanket and take her to see friends. When people see her holding the doll, the response is usually the same: someone will ask about "the baby." For a split second, Shalloos goes to be the mother she has always wanted to be. Then the moment ends and she seems to come back to Shalloos explains that no, it's not really a baby, it's only a doll. ■



**BRITAIN, GRUFFY WITH GUANO FIGHTS VANDALISM** Britton's house in Joe Weston's house is kind of vandalism during his case, George's baby's floating babies. He's called out a catnap he once used to tell parents with by being his wife across more. Now he's losing the catnap with children's names, which is triggered by any after-hours intrusion. Weston's baby's catnap, which is triggered by any after-hours intrusion. Weston's baby's catnap, which is triggered by any after-hours intrusion. Weston's baby's catnap, which is triggered by any after-hours intrusion.



# WHAT GOT HER SO FIRED UP?

BY CHARLOTTE GRAY

In 1902, Nellie McClung, age 35, was living with her husband, Wes, a pharmacist, and their four children in Manitoba, Man. Her first novel, *Strong Girls in Denim*, was already a bestseller in Canada and the U.S., but McClung was only beginning to discover her true power as a writer, a women's rights activist, and finally, one of the great public speakers of the 20th century.

In Manitoba, Nellie frequently saw the stark implications of women. Domestic violence and downtrodden daughters crop up again and again in her fiction workbooks, and characters, their heads raised by duty, grief, sexual pregnancies, or sexual abuse. "Women killed souls" she called these broken, spiritless women, and she described their predicament with gentle irony and biting satire. In one short story, Anne Perry "died from overcautious child bearing." But all her bus-

band, Leticia, could say was, "Women don't seem to have the seed in them they used to have, my mother raised 15 and lost five, and I have often heard my father say they never had a doctor in the house and never needed one." Nellie smiled, poker faced. "It was quite evident that Luke Perry had been badly treated."

In Nellie's fiction, the only weapon a woman has and the word is her own courage. She loved writing stories about spirited young women (most of whom resembled her) who defied the barriers and prejudices they faced through sheer force of character. But there were plenty of women without her own "spirit," and the reality of their lives—the hardship and helplessness—deeply offended Nellie. McClung's strong sense of natural justice. The vulnerability of women, and the failure of the state to protect them, opened a slow burn inside her. Why not, she wondered one day, did these women always left their hands to their sons, regardless of what their

**THEY LOVED writing stories about spirited women (most of whom resembled her)**

daughters had contributed in labour? She knew of one family in which each son had inherited a full section of land. The equally deserving daughter received one hundred dollars and a cow named Bella. "How would you like to be left at 20 years of age, with no training and very little education, facing the world with one hundred dollars and one cow, even if she were named Bella?" Nellie asked, in a hue that even a famous author like Mark Twain could not improve on.

Nellie McClung wanted to make a difference within her world, she wanted to eradicate the injustices she saw. But the starting point for Nellie's campaigns to improve women's lives is one that strikes a modern reader as a curious place to begin. When she was not talking about [her fictional protagonist] Pearlina Watson, she was usually speaking about the dangers of alcohol. Why did she begin there?

Today, we assume that the obvious solution to women's powerlessness were 20th-century reforms—greater access to education, well-paid employment, political power, and laws that recognized gender equality. But when Nellie was growing up in Manitoba, such ideas were unthinkable for most people she knew, including her own mother, Leticia Mooney. The idea that a woman's primary role in life was to be an wife and mother was so ingrained in her that she and her mother were so unwilling to let go of the notion that one day heaven beings would walk on the moon.

This was where the Women's Christian Temperance Union came in. "Women like Leticia could see that many women were desperately badly treated, and they could also see that alcohol was often part of the problem. Too many husbands spent too much time bellying up to the bar with cheap liquor [Leticia] whose own husband, it appears, heavily touched the staff." I would never question the status quo in terms of roles assigned to men and women; they were God-given, in her book. So the would never join an organization that used phrases like "women's rights." But temperance was a powerful, and church-supported, movement throughout Western Canada. From their pulpits, Protestant churches regularly preached about the link between unrestrained drinking and moral depravity.

So temperance was the vehicle for change that would allow women like Leticia to see something likeable with. However, that wasn't enough for most members of the WCTU, including Nellie's mother-in-law, Anne McClung. Anne felt that the adoption of temperance by individuals, and the abolition of alcohol by government, was only half the answer: real improvement in women's lives could be won

only if women themselves had a say in the way society ran. By the time Nellie had moved from Litchfield to Winnipeg, she had already heard that the preacher's wife had gone mad. She told her parishioners, collecting signatures for a petition for women's suffrage. Anne McClung, along with many WCTU leaders, argued that alcohol abuse was part of a general pattern of male disregard for women's needs. The organization recognized that if women had the vote, they could influence legislation and lobby for laws limiting the production and distribution of alcohol. Nellie herself happily signed Anne's petition for women's suffrage, but most of Manitoba's respectable matrons had refused to look at such an outrageous demand. Nellie would recall later how one of these women, "the wife of a law town drunk," explained that "it's an insult to our husbands to even ask for the vote."

It is easy to laugh at the temperance campaign these days, and the Prohibitionists speak with their paraphernalia of white ribbons

and their pious capital on whiskey rather than seed grain. She saw the local doctor become increasingly inebriated as he took to the bottle. She heard about women whose husbands regularly got roaring drunk and then suggested women to beat them. (She did not know any cases of female drinkers. When she finally saw a woman staggering down a Winnipeg street, she was appalled.)

He was convinced to the two goals of temperance and female suffrage by the time she was in her early twenties. But in the early years of her marriage, she was too busy raising her family, absorbing the lessons of a writer, and being an active citizen of Manitoba to do much about them. Manitoba was the kind of place where a high energy personality like Nellie was in constant demand.

The pharmacist and his wife were a fine, upstanding, popular couple, and no Manitoban gathering was complete without them. Together they attended all the shows that travelling artists and companies performed

near a pillar of the community, pursued to create that endowment herself. Thanks to the WCTU, she had already cut her teeth as a speaker during Sunday afternoon debates. And temperance had often again crept up on her attention as so much to be addressed. It was no surprise that Nellie's Manitoba friends when she was asked to give the address of welcome at the WCTU's provincial convention, held in the hotel room in June 1907 like an orator in ancient Rome, she knew that presentation was as important as content. "I began my preparations at once," Nellie wrote in the second volume of her memoirs, *The Struggle for Rights*. "I got a new dress."

I have planned Nellie walking down the main street of the dusty prairie town toward the town hall that day, with perhaps a hint of nervousness in the way she kept adjusting the angle of the crystal brooch on her curly auburn hair. It was the first time she would address a Manitoba crowd. Just as she knew she could do it. She was preaching to an all-female audience of the advanced, and her easy warmth would establish instant rapport. Most other Manitobans would applaud enthusiastically. There were, however, a few who would roll their eyes at her temperance, and too far at the nerve of her girl. A lot too big for her boots, I can hear them muttering. The food of the sound of her own voice. Why does she think she's so? Nellie put her all into that first speech. Alongside the chorus of ancient Rome were the voices of modern politicians. She knew she had to send a message of hope—"new hopes for a new world," as she put it—rather than give a boring, finger-wagging sermon filled with statistics. "Prohibition is a hard sounding word, worthless as a rallying cry, hard as a locked door to going to bed with your own supper." Instead, she painted a picture of the wonderful world that a booze-free future might bring. "Life for both men and women could be made much more attractive with no more gin, no more games, no more handkerchiefs, no more cigars, no more beer, no more wine." Quaintly idyllic this vision might be, but in Nellie's subconscious, it was right. It was the same enthusiasm that Pauline Johnson had inspired after her recital "Two Sun-bright, open glimmers, and left the same place crackle with a new power. I saw what should be done with words. For the first time I knew I had the power of genius." ■

From *Extraordinary Canadians: Nellie McClung* by Charlotte Gray. Copyright © Charlotte Gray, 2006. Reprinted with permission of Penguin Group (Canada).

PHOTO: NINETEENTH CENTURY PHOTOGRAPHY. ARTIST: EMILY COW



PH. MCKENZIE KING commemorates the victims of McClung (far right) and the rest of the 'Manitoba Five' in 1933

## THERE WERE A FEW WHO WOULD TUT-TUT AT THE NERVE OF HER

at Manitoba's university hall. The quality and content of the entertainment was unimpeachable, varying from high-society-chic Swiss ball ringers to blackface American impersonators, from fall of several heads in the gutter to full-cheered operatic contraltos.

For Nellie McClung, those occasions were more than just diversions; they were lessons in strategy. One performer in particular captured her: E. Pauline Johnson, the half-Mohawk, half-English poet from the St. Norbert Reserve on Ontario's Grand River, arrived in Manitoba and played to capacity crowds in the local Methodist church on two consecutive nights. Nellie and her sister-in-law were so awestruck with the deathly quiet rapturous poems, followed by fierce verse featuring Indian imagery, that they dared to call on her. "She was the first person I ever saw who had a real nerve," she wrote in her autobiography. "I was so awestruck that Pauline, who also called herself by the Mohawk name 'Kishkadee,' was 'an actress of great power.'"

Oh, to have such power! Nellie McClung, once the lady girl who loved to show off and





A NEW GALACTICA:  
A seductive Cylon (left)  
and hard-drinking  
human pilot Starbuck

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# 'My name is Paul Wells and I watch Battlestar Galactica'

**It's a gorgeous space opera filled with moral ambiguity and robots. What's not to like?** BY PAUL WELLS

tv

Ronald D. Moore admits he didn't know how *Battlestar Galactica* was going to end, but that he "figured it out along the way." And it's a good thing he finally did, because the end is nigh. It is also a good thing Moore, the series' openly gay writer and producer, knows where his show's final season will end, because for ordinary viewers the suspense is getting hard to bear. When last we joined the crew of the *Galactica*—at the end of season three, a year ago—things were getting pretty hairy.

Four of its characters leaked that someone they'd been hawking was the old Bob Dylan hit, *All Along the Watchtower*, and that therefore

they stood revealed, at least to one another, as evil killer robots in human form. (Yingyore? It's hard to explain. Just go with it.) Katee Sackhoff, the hard-drinking fighter pilot nicknamed Starbuck, returned from the dead in big enough to reveal that she had visited the long-lost planet earth. And a massive fleet of enemy fighters was bearing down, for the umpteenth time, on the ragged remnant of human survivors, imperiling the last remnants of humanity yet again.

Just another day in the office, really.

*Galactica* fans have been deciphering intertwining plots like those, each wilder than the last, since the series launched in 2005. It can be lovely work, because *Galactica* fans have also grown used to outliving towering drama from friends who don't watch the show. For the most part, these friends are quite certain they will never watch *Galactica*. Seriously, how good could a space opera be? Especially one made at the unenviably klutzy late 1970s ABC series that featured silver robots

in leotards and a cute kid with a robot dog?

The surprise is that *Galactica*, which is shot in Vancouver and has been thoroughly reimagined by producer and writer Ronald D. Moore, is excellent television. Wipe that smirk off your face. Here, in *Galactica*, even won a Peabody Award for distinguished achievement in electronic media in 2006. The Peabody only go to the best. Pezz Grunwald won a Peabody and it has been established almost beyond doubt that Grunwald was not an evil killer robot in human form. (Honor Newman, the director of the Peabody—a gay so serious his name is Roman—actually had this to say about *Galactica*: "It takes contemporary issues from an angle that really makes you think about those issues... issues of race, gender, all those things we deal with.")

And if those issues are dealt with in the context of a show in which guns erupt from robot-clad appendages, and swarming blood-bored horrors seduce real scientists into betraying humanity, well, that's not a bug, it's a feature. And now the end is in sight. On April 5, Canada's space network will begin broadcasting the fourth and final season of *Battlestar Galactica*. The season will end, Moore promised in an interview with *Entertainment Weekly*, with the resolution of the series' two great riddles.

First, the location and nature of this apparently ghastly earth. *Galactica*, both in the show's original incarnation and in Moore's revision, is set in distant space, among humans from 11 colonies who chumsked up about a planet of the lost 13th colony called earth. They built robots called Cylons to help them, the Cylons rebelled and evolved into human-looking bruddas, some of them quite daisy, the better to infiltrate human society, and the humans, living extinction at the hands of the treacherous "humans," liquidated it for cash. Except they're not sure where it is. Or whether it truly exists. Moore promises an answer this season.



His dogoodism to reveal the duality of the last home-looking Cylon. The line-model robots, macho and yeasily spiritual, with among the humans and sometimes are programmed to think they are human. We're women who most of them are since near the beginning, but a few were slower to reveal themselves, even to themselves. Four models figured out their secret a year ago, and by now they're human. Chief Tyrol and Col. Tigh, the two's biggest Cylon hater, named out to be Cylons themselves. And now there's one left. It'll be a big surprise.

Including to Moore. When the series launched, he told *Maxim*, he knew only that his characters were seeking earth, not how—or even whether—they'd find it. "In the beginning I just sort of set us on a direction. And I was comfortable with not knowing how it was going to end, and I knew at some point I would have to resolve the big questions."

Just how far he goes toward resolving those questions is open to... well, question. Are the final Four—Tigh and Tyrol and the others, who just figured out they're Cylons—really Cylons? "As far as we know," says Katee Sackhoff, who plays Starbuck.

"Anything can change." Grace Park, the *Waltworth* who plays Cylon model No. 1, shrugs in. "That's a very definite maybe. I think they're Cylons."

"I do too," Sackhoff says, trying to be helpful. "They've been accepted by the Cylons into Cylons." Severe people think they're evil robots, including an end robot. That settles it, probably.

One other question we can settle—probably—is whether Starbuck, who in some ways serves as the show's rebellious, blasphemous, overthought, confused moral center, is herself a Cylon. "We I was told from day one that," We know for sure, as a matter of fact—she's granted everything changes on this show, so you can never really know for sure—that the only thing we know for sure is that you aren't a Cylon."

But just because she's not humanoid's worst enemy (well, probably not) doesn't mean Starbuck is heading toward a happy ending. In fact, Sackhoff is adamant that she'll never see her character again in any other way. "I told Pam Moore a while ago, 'Please God, do not wrap up her storyline, put it as a loose end a pretty little bow on it and hand it to me.' That's not who she is. This is an extremely flawed woman who is not happy when things are easy, when things are good, and she will never be the woman who sits at home with a baby and loves a husband. That's not her."

Indeed, much of the appeal of *Galactica* is that it rejects neat resolutions. It's a messy show—adamantly, gorgeously so. The last living survivors of Cylon macho don't often have time to share and put on their dress uniforms. They are often on the verge of suicide. They are morally flawed, stooping to torture and terrorism in their fight against the Cylon purser. Indeed, as most seasons the Cylons have often seemed more ally superior to humanity. The Cylons are

## "They wanted to be 'Star Trek' on some level, and 'Lost in Space,' and 'Star Wars'"



THE UNBEARABLY KITCHY? original series in the late 1970s. Moore has made changes

them off the, deeply spiritual, and some times turn about the morality of their campaign to exterminate the Galactics and the rest of her fleet.

For all of this delicious moral ambiguity, it is not always thank Moore. When he made the *Galactica* franchise in 2001, the first season you heard was the sound of fans of the original series (yes, there were some who didn't like the changes he was implementing). In the original series, Starbuck was a guy, the sex



ACCORDING TO TV: JOHNSON'S AGE. "It was reported that Bruce Johnson's Secret Service name is 'The Legend,' while Hillary Clinton's is 'Evergreen.' That's one Mooreball. John McCain's Secret Service name is 'Vigilante Provost.'" —Conan O'Brien  
"A lot of American dignitaries are visiting the Middle East. Senator McCain, running for president, is in Iraq. Of course, he remembers Iraq when it was known as Mesopotamia." —David Letterman

change seemed transgressive. It turned out the fans hadn't seen anything compared to the transgressions to come.

"I remember watching the original series on the air when I was a kid, and even then I was dazzled with what they were doing with it," Moore says. "But I thought it was a unique premise for a sci-fi piece. It wasn't a tragedy who were the best of the best and fighting the good fight; they were running away, and their world was shattered. And there was something just tragic about the concept that appealed to me. I approached it like, okay, let's keep all the things that are good and interesting, and discard all the things that don't work."

There was a lot to discard. The cute robot dog is nowhere to be seen. "They felt the need to camp it up and downer episodes," Moore says about the original series' creators. "And they wanted to be *Star Trek* on some level, and *Lost in Space* on some level, and *Star Wars* on some level, and they weren't comfortable just being *Barbarella Galactica*. Which is what we've tried to do."

Judging from the first two episodes of the first season, *Galactica* is now more *Galactica* than ever. The riddle over how Starbuck could be back, when we'll see her fight episode last season, is a drama theme of the early episodes. And it has a new urgency, because if that Starbuck can be trained, then the haters aren't right and believe she knows how to find it. But Admiral Adama, the patriarch of the *Galactica* fleet played by Edward James Olmos, doesn't seem to be listening to her.

Meanwhile there is drama among the Cylons, and still more trouble for Gaius Baltar (James Callaghan), the pragmatic villain of the tale, who sold out humanity for a dirty Cylon at the beginning of the series and has now become almost a megalomaniac figure for some of the survivors.

Unlike last season, which took single-episode detours into issues like labor wars, "this season is more of a piece," Moore says. "It's more like one long story as opposed to a bunch of little ones."

Any more lines they can drop? "Starbuck will have some stability after in the coming season," Sackhoff says mysteriously. Really? After the Peabody Award, nothing seems unlikely any more. ■

With Patricia Tichler

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THE END RESULT: A surprisingly succulent chicken, its flesh soft, intensely flavoured and—most remarkably—not the least bit salty.

## To one chicken add seven kilos salt

**An experiment with salt baking has one cook reconsidering the roasting chicken option**

**BY JACOB BERGLES** • When the home cook first sets about acquiring a basic arsenal of the techniques of French cookery, much of it will stand out as alarmingly counterintuitive. The notion that you can make duck less fatty by smothering it in a bucket of its own "faginated" fat covers to mind. So too does the idea that roasting something up in a plastic bag and leaving it to sit in a bath of water will do you a good way to cook anything at all. But if preparing exotic or cooking animals are strange at first sight, neither is it obviously intuitive to the recipe found on page 684 of my 1990 edition of the *Larousse de la cuisine*, which calls for one average-sized roasting chicken, seven kilos of grey sea salt, and that's it.

In my early twenties I had not yet heard of *poisson en croûte de sel*. But on the other hand, I did know that my mother owned an edition of the *Larousse gastronomique* from the 1910s that included a recipe for *substancie* (where one was instructed to roast the whole and only use the bones, as I took this foolishness of seven kilos of salt per 1.5 kg of chicken to be just another potentially dramatic *Larousse* trope, and forgot all about it).

Just some years later, as Toronto, I took to feasting now and then on fish baked in a salt crust at a few select restaurants like Coppo Restaurant and Bistro & Bakery (that, when chef Mike Thaxt went through a brief phase of *cooking deep de mer* in a salt and poultry crust, and then playing the kitchen as an part of exquisite chef's with light champagne infused dinner Menu). Then last year I read that chef Michael Chiaramonte of the Michelin-starred Providence restaurant in Los Angeles was busy performing the salt-crust technique on everything from spot prawns to spring lob-

sters. And to cap things off, a friend who stays up later than me recently proffered the tip that James Oliver, who published a recipe for whole fish baked in salt in his book, *Cook with James*, had once prepared chicken baked in a salt crust on *The Tonight Show*—salt baking may not be a lost new world, but obviously there was renewed interest in this ancient technique, and the time had come to give it a go myself.

Lots of recipes are available and they range from the modern, upstart tiganettes Oliver take, with some beautiful handfuls of herbs and bits of olive oil, to the nearly unmanageably simplistic. I settled on the latter, having to find a recipe in the *Larousse* that I had first caught my eye nearly 20 years ago, and gave like so get a pot, line the bottom with a layer of salt (some cooks think, place the bird on top, fill the pot with the balance of the seven kilos of salt, and pop it in a hot oven for an hour and a half). What happens is that the salt does its hygroscopic thing and draws moisture from the flesh of the bird, and as it heats, that moisture turns to steam. But before the salt can replace the liquid it has drawn out of the flesh with its salty flour, it hardens, forming a hermetic crust. Whatever is inside gets roasted in an even whiteness of steam, and emerges as if it had been cooked in a juicy steam oven. When my bird was done, its salt

sarcophagus was as hard as brick and had to be cracked open with a hammer.

The chicken inside was surprisingly browned, and its flesh soft, intensely flavoured and—most remarkably—not the least bit salty. That one thing still bothered me. I may not be a food historian, but I can tell you that wherever I dream up this not pe calling for seven kilos of salt I find a lot closer to *Gabriele* than, say, the Toronto food importers Poulsen's, where French grey sea salt was selling this week at \$11.99 for a 400 g box—or \$22.95 for seven kilos—chickens not included. And while my chicken was good, it was certainly not that good, so I rang up a chef I especially well versed in French technique to ask what he got up to under a salt crust.

"Well, yes, vegetables, yes, chickens... no," said an uncharacteristically succinct Bob Frosier, from Chef, who earlier this month signed on with the Vancouver-based Centre Club Group.

So I went back to the drawing board with a one kilo French herb and some fragrant organic vinegared beets. The fish yielded fillets of silky texture and intensity of flavour. And the beets, peeled after cooking and only then drenched with a little quality olive oil and balsamic as per chef Frosier's instructions, were tenderly superb—right up there in flavour company with a good cornucopia, or duck confit, or a fine roast cut away side. I think the French might be onto something. ■



**TODAY'S SPECIAL: SEMI-LIVING MEAT**  
As a caveat, an hour at New York City's Museum of Modern Art, designer James King has presented shapes and textures far what is known in semi-living meat. Created by Australian artist, the *Bookie* is inspired from simple calls taken from living animals, the a natural idea to make meat in the lab. The advantage to this cultured meat is that it doesn't require the slaughter of animals, creating vegetables to eat animal protein without guilt.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JACQUES CHATELAIN/STYLING

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KIBBY ON THE JOB: Comic Shane Jacobson, cast in a philosopher king of outdoor sanitation, has a comedy that appeals to older women

## 'What's all the fuss? It's 80% water!'

**This porta-potty prince won't take any crap from people who pooch-pooch the poo hiz**

**BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON** • The Crossville, Tennessee-based *Butter* Australia has a fresh look here, an unruly and famous for putting his nose in other people's business. They call him Kenny, and he has brought humor and comedy to the wholesome trafficking of film: he delivers porta-potties. Portrayed by comic Shane Jacobson, Kenny is the title character in a hilarious mockumentary that was a huge hit in Australia: It grossed \$2.5 million, swept the country's 2006 film awards, and spawned a TV series. This spring Kenny is finally wading up on our shores—with subtitles in one version and a new look in another.

What's parodied in a movie about a guy who moves human waste for a living is that Kenny doesn't exploit underhanded, at least not to the usual degree. It's not a gross-out comedy. "You never see the unmentionable," director Clayton Kopp (Shane's brother) pointed out in an interview from his home in New York. "You do not see a steaming brown bean bucket at any point."

Instead, the film finds humor, and surprising tenderness, in Kenny's attempts to pooch poepeople against the poo but and treat his menagerie of a-c as a regular job. Which prompts him to, "I don't know what all the fuss is about, it's 80% water." Or "I'd love to be able to say 'I pook' and have someone say, 'Now that is something I've always wanted to do!'" Kenny does have the odd moments of on-the-job disgust ("There's another dude example of someone having a two-inch asshole and on his head he had only one hair poking"), but on the whole he's a well-meaning, concerned, only when his white trash dad asks him to remove his freshly laundered overalls to Kenny drops by dad's trailer home with his son.

Mockumentaries are now a thriving genre, but what distinguishes this one from movies like *Boys* and *Wish I Was* is its warmheartedness. "With a lot of mockumentaries," says Jacobson, "the thing I find very odd is they're essentially working at the camera and letting you in on the gag. I thought it would be interesting to do a mockumentary that doesn't actually mock, that doesn't pull the curtain back and say 'this isn't real.'"

About 50 percent of the events in the film are real, he adds, including a rock festival, an art show, the Melbourne Cup, and the local national Pumpkin and Cleaner Days in Bushville. Splashedown, Kenny's employer, is an actual porta-potty company, and while filming Shane Jacobson spent a year planned within its ranks. Splashedown, in fact, fully financed the film's \$1-million budget, though not for practical reasons: its owner usually suggests the movie be changed. Now, says the director, "the Splashedown boys are like, 'honest in this country. They get asked to autograph folks. Their trucks get pulled over by police who want to meet Kenny.'"

Some of Kenny's wisest lines are lifted from Splashedown workers, who "as an answer to an answer against remarks they get from the outside world," says Jacobson. "For me the film was a riff on decency, dignity and most of all self-respect—why are we so judgmental about who is servicing our waste? It's not theirs!" If the director is squeamish on the subject, it's because he spent a year cleaning toilets to get himself through film school. "I do remember being treated as a slave-laborer."

But Kenny is not a message movie, just as it's not a prolonged toilet joke. Audiences embrace it as a clearly crafted character piece with no emotional art. Kenny, a divorced dad with a fling, has inevitable wit and charm. As he navigates some relationships with family, ex-workers, and clients, he emerges as a wise Everyman, a philosopher-king of crap. There's even a muted romance as he takes his first plant trip, en route to Nashville, and shares a poignant moment. "When ever so really dig the film because there's a sense of discovery about Kenny," says the director. "He seems to have stepped out of another era."

Marketing the film has been tricky in Australia even before so comically with heart, but a U.K. campaign to sell it "as a funny poo movie" backfired, says Jacobson. "My anxiety in the subject matter is why are people so repulsed, and that carries through with the film. We put a lot of energy into selling people's fears." Noting that 2008 is the US Year of Sanitation, he adds that he and his brother have just turned 16 requests for film rights from—here, from the gyms to places in Kansas space club—for the Kenny TV series. Because they've tapped into a firm ground that is universal, and bottomless. ■



### WE'RE STALKING • KATE BECKINSALE

The lovely British star of the underworld reboots has shown us the front after *Burlesque* and a diving test in *Cellmate*. "I prefer the written text," she says. "It was how many of us about we you permitted to have?" I don't know that." Beckinsale says that she'll sit it out until her daughter, 5, is old enough to drive. "Then she can drive me around. Or I'll get one of those old people's motorized chairs. People always look so happy in those."



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A BIA/PFB advisor to Stroy's "American Idol" audition: After a day in Chicago about rejoining the CHOC at work, Stroy is happy to explain

## Kangaroo court is now in session

**At the Canadian Human Rights Commission, it all comes down to double-sided faxes**

**NEW RELEASE ALERTS**

of anything I did and those upon you, please judge a complaint with either Canadian Human Rights Commission," Kivieva later advised his readers the other day. "You pay nothing. It's a middle lie." The *National Post* columnist had previously gleefully announced opening paragraph suggesting that Ontario's politicians were like deadbeats inflicting antiracial hate burdens for each of them when they might like to come (the better halves (some might say) to see a Muslim carrier bus). Mr. Kivieva proposed this because he's doubted in all the age of the human rights since such as your truth and March's have been stripping these last three or four months. "I want to be a first step strategy, too. Give me some of that CHRC hate speech rule." The big bucks are in getting your account off for "Bogus Muslimophobia."

As Mr. Baker says it, before I became the metaphorical Nelson Mandela, metaphorically tortured into metaphorical submission by the metaphorical Gnostics of the ugly neo-metaphorical Canadian Human Rights Commission, I was an amazing fellow personing gay through the flames and joys of the culture, writing eagerly on such weighty topics as *Pinot Noir*, Margaret, Lisa More and John Baldwin Scott's *Upper-entrusted* Foundation for the nation's health of the City of Xmas. Ah, those were the days. As they say in *Conan*, I remember as I'll were yesterday. Lisa more Mack, John Baldwin Scott were, or nothing. But I've put them back on-line through their own doing. Wherein is *Conan* (twelve) a month now, I'll were as I'll were as I'll were.

While the career benefits of free-speech martyrdom are perhaps not quite as lucra-

[illegible]

tion (1) of the Human Rights Code, and the Canadian Association of Journalists and PEN Canada (i.e., all the CanCon writers, and headed by made-playboy John Johnston [and to heart] decided to sign on. The Globe And Mail eventually came out against the speech police, and so did CBC column Rex MacPhail and Mick Mercer, and even Norman Chagnon. And by the time the Canadian Human Rights Tribunal was obliged (after a court motion filed by MacPhail) to open its doors to the press and public, the presiding judge Adrienne LaPlante uttered words rarely heard in the Canadian "human rights" hall: "Nice to see you all," he befriended the crowd. "More of an interest than there was before."

I'll say. Meanwhile, you can't but notice how few friends the "human rights" market has. Almost everyone who speaks up for a

system that drags Canada's biggest news-weekly into court for thought crimes turns out to be either a current or former beneficiary of the aforesaid system. Take, for example, our own letters page the other week. Bill Baxton of Sudbury, Ont., wrote:

To take exception to Mark Steyn's unfounded allegation that the human rights racket is disgraceful, I am proud to say I was one of seven commissioners on the Alhambra Human Rights Commission from 1995 to 2006 and never felt I was part of a racket, much less a disgraceful one. Nor do I accept the "hundreds" court apothecary thrown around by the crusade generalissimo, *manafacturer*, Steyn.

"Tim, why does he place 'human rights' in quotation marks? The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, signed by the General Assembly of the United Nations in 1948 uses the phrase, so it shouldn't be treated as something foreign to most people."

Well, since you said "I put 'human rights' in quote quotes when I filed so, say, the Alberta "Human Rights" Commission because the "human rights" commission abuses of "human rights" has nothing to do with real human rights such as those adumbrated in the UN declaration. Indeed, Canada's quote quote "human rights" — the "human rights" — is a libelology or to smother statements in another guy's doorway or to not be called a "loser" in the hair salon...officially violate over several of the real human rights in the Universal Declaration, notably the right to the presumption of innocence. There's why there's a 100 per cent conviction rate for Federal Section 15 cases. See Bill Baerger's pals are an unexcused racist, breach of the UN declaration.

As for Mr. Berger's "pride" in being on the Alberta Human Rights Commission for a decade, *chacun à son goût*. Personally, I'd be ashamed. Here's why: the Donahé cartoons.

this process, based on a list of predominantly conservative remarks by European commissioners, U.S. State Department officials, the British Foreign Secretary, etc., all going side and counterforce to the path and hallmarks that are so-called "behind the scenes" of policy. Yet, for all the Anglo-Euro-American squabbling and generalised anguish about the need for the market to be more "sensitive", only one government agency in the Western world actually issued a public letter last year for the "crime" of publishing the results of a survey that showed that the Human Rights Commission, which draws Laura Lantieri of the Women's Standard as an interpretation room to explain herself before one of Mr. Reagan's colleagues. So, yet, the Athens HRC is a nation, and a disgraceful one, and that's why the system has no real defenders other than its apparentists.

I can't wait to be privy to the thoughts of the HRC inner circle, but I would assume if they could turn back the clock they'd gladly drop the Waters/Brandford and Mulroney racemongers, and go back to their race bait or counterfracking (or now Nuats, Anishnabeg) Charities, and other underfunded losses in base racism where they could chatter with impunity, like from the pages of press and public. Instead, on Tuesday morning, dense bricks in Ottawa, not just in the fire they step on with the purple-prize-acres-setting-afire, but in the sense that a rare shot of sunlight penetrated the fifth floor at the Canadian Museum of History on Elgin Street.

We went there to hear how Canadian Human Rights Commission "amnesty" goes about their work. The last time anyone mentioned (let alone committed) a human rights violation (other than the justice minister's lawyer involvement in Section 37—the James Earl Ray case) we can't answer your questions because of national security or insight is the best (dis)advantage the CHRC pretends to operate under conditions of total silence. It's a measure of how far the "human rights" market has departed from the norms of Canadian justice that the CHRC has nothing wrong in attempting to exclude even the defendants, Marc Lemire from his own trial.

Who is the man? Leonard Aik, well, he's the son of the pioneer boy one would pick for a campaign to restore Canadian liberties, particularly if the poster shows him on the quai-Montreal. But he's working in that posture of firm standing behind Holocaust denial: Ernst Zundel. Mr. Leonard is the former leader of Canada's self-proposed neo-Nazi group, "Heritage Front," and, since Richard Weisman, the CHRC's former employee named racial human rights "victim," decided to sue his old buddies at the commission on him, he presumably assumed Leonard was just the latest neo-Nazi "who is superstitious" (translation: he could handle it) to subscribe and persevere.

Unhappily for the CBC, Marc Lévesque has been inconsiderate enough to define himself, and their dissemination to the public, himself as wound up making the issue not just but then, and some of their dodgier gear on. Let's start with the cry itself first. It's not Bergeron doesn't like his accent quite as much "because they," let's leave you "The Canadian" Human Rights Commission does not trust all Canadians equally. The lead voice getting irritating on Tuesday, David Strang, is blind, but the justice his commission administers certainly isn't if you're one of these allies, they think talking on wireless makes you more informal complaint: So, "you're not arrogant, they reject your complaint on the grounds that it was on double-sided paper." What was that supposed to say to Mr. Lévesque, who the tried to file his own Section 31 complaint against the police. Apparently Mr. Lévesque's complaint was double-sided which came to me to Mr. Lévesque, since I said it is. But by the time it unfolded itself at the other end of the line the time double-sided fax on the planet. "I don't know what happened to the fax," said Mr. Strang, not convincingly. Hey, it's federal bureaucracy (hang hang). Evidently one reason why Richard Williams has been the complainant on every Section 31 case since 2001 is that he's the only one who remembers the exact underdouble rule.

Marc Luzzare then wrote a post on the Storify site explaining that his complaint had been rejected by Dean Stracy. He popped "judewar" with a follow up post. "Who, you're wondering, is 'judewar'?" "It's 'Jude war' not 'Jude wars,'" said Dean Stracy.

Stacey, a life-enemy-to-raceist Mr. Stacey is the lead Section 13 "hate" investigator of the Canadian "Human Rights" Commission but he may be better known—at least to the white supremacists and neo-Nazis among you—as "Jedwern," his nom de guerre when he goes lurking on the Internet. "Jedwern" sounds like a nice wedding gift from Isaac's sisters. "Jedwern" is an abbreviation for Jed Winkler, whose "character" out of a novel that I read as a teenager," explained Mr. Stacey.

The summary Camdross has found themselves in that embarrassing situation where you cruise an Internet dating site, hook up with a hot blond 17-year-old cheerleader and arrange to meet only to find that Camdross is, in fact, a 54-year-old overweight male accountant. Also, the problem's far worse: it's not a Man hoping to find a lovely wife and start a new kindred spirit. There must be a few genuine (though supercilious) whooping it up over at "Scornorush," but they seem to be thin as the ground. Mr. Stracy, the CHRO's lead investigator, is a member of Scornorush. Richard Wagoner

## MAJOR FINDINGS

## BESTSELLERS

## Flatness

- |    |   |      |
|----|---|------|
| 1  | <b>GOOD BEHAVIOR BADLY</b><br>by Marc Phillips    | 4.49 |
| 2  | <b>SUPPORT GREEN CABLES</b><br>by Burke Wilson    | 3.99 |
| 3  | <b>MISTHRESS OF THE SUN</b><br>by Sandra Outland  | 8.00 |
| 4  | <b>A THOUSAND S'LENNED SANS</b><br>by Rhonda Howe | 1.00 |
| 5  | <b>LATE NIGHTS ON A IR</b><br>by Gaudin Gray      | 4.99 |
| 6  | <b>REMEMBER ME?</b> by Sophia Kossell             | 2.49 |
| 7  | <b>THE AFFAIR</b> by John Gresham                 | 0.00 |
| 8  | <b>LUSH LIFE</b> by Richard Price                 | 8.00 |
| 9  | <b>UNCOMMON BEASER</b><br>by Alan Bennett         | 7.00 |
| 10 | <b>PEOPLE OF THE BOOK</b><br>by Geraldine Brooks  | 8.99 |

## Non-fiction

- |    |   |        |
|----|---|--------|
| 1  | <b>IN DEFENSE OF FOOD</b><br>by Michael Pollan          | 8 (9)  |
| 2  | <b>IN THE REALM OF HUNGRY GHOSTS</b><br>by Tobias Wolff | 1 (0)  |
| 3  | <b>THE SEXUAL PARADOX</b><br>by Susan Procter           | 6 (0)  |
| 4  | <b>AN APPLE A DAY</b> by Jim Schwartz                   | 7 (0)  |
| 5  | <b>JOHN A: THE MAN WHO MADE US</b> by Richard Gray      | 4 (0)  |
| 6  | <b>YOUR INNER PEACH</b> by Neil Shubin                  | 0 (1)  |
| 7  | <b>MUSICOPHILIA</b> by Oliver Sacks                     | 3 (0)  |
| 8  | <b>THE PITIFUL</b> by Charlotte Mackey                  | 4 (0)  |
| 9  | <b>I DON'T BELIEVE IN ADMIRALS</b><br>by Chris Fiedler  | 0 (1)  |
| 10 | <b>WINDS YOUR CITY</b> by Richard Ford                  | 10 (0) |
- LAST WEEK'S BESTSELLING NONFICTION

LAST WEEK: 2 WEEKS ON LIST

defendant Canadian "human rights" commission and placed it on every CHRC case since 2002, is a member of Stenford's, and Stephen Camp is a member of Stenford's. What properties of Canada's "white supremacist" are, in fact, government employees? On a quiet day, Chan can't wait pretty good that you'll get on and find the post does not accept for "judeoism" (Mr. Stracy) trying to deny "antis" (the Camp) while "antis" (the Camp) is automatically trying to deny "antisemitism" (Mr. Wurman). There shall be a sign of a bigot, pseudoscientist, upon lawyer David Christie, "so that investigators don't wind up investigating each other."

Welcome to the wacky world of Canadian "human rights." It's reasonable like a death club for servants of the Crown, well, that would be a lot cheaper. This is a long battle to reform a secretive and broadens institution. But Reid Martin is right. Section 15 should be repealed. We need a royal commission. And "judicial activism" might be encouraged to find more useful employment. ■



Everyone was trying to make a great film," says Troll 2's Michael Stephenson, but the movie features some of the worst acting in history

## Homage to the worst movie ever

**'Troll 2' is so bad there's even been a documentary made about its awfulness**

**BY JAMES A. WEINMAN** If you don't have talent, you can achieve cult status by making the worst movie ever. Ed Wood (Pine 3 from *Quarantine*) found that out, and now another movie is contending for his crown. *Troll 2*, a cheap 1990 horror movie shot by an Italian director in Utah and featuring lines like "I'm Sheriff Gene Frank," The film, which doesn't have any trolls in it (just goblins who turn people into plants and eat the ug), has been issued films' obscurity with a series of sold-out midnight screenings, including one scheduled for June in Toronto. It owes its popularity to some of the worst acting, writing and directing in history. The film's lead actor, Michael Stephenson, has even made a documentary about his awfulness. *Not Quite Heaven*, which he says will get "a limited theatrical release" later this year, meanwhile, he's busy with new movies and Q&A sessions. All for a movie whose big plot involves that the town of "Nifberg" is "Goblin" capital backwards.

A movie like *Troll 2* might seem more likely to make people angry than to inspire a devoted fan base. (One of many bad-gin gain basement horror films that got released in the '80s and '90s, the only reason it's famous is that it's terrible even by those low standards.) Bad syntheizer music blares out on the soundtrack, there's a scene where Stephenson says the day by vomiting on his parents' food, and the director, Jay a largely non-professional cast, is even worse than you might expect. The most famous scene is the one in which newly Arrnold Schwarzenegger yells, "retardone close up," "Oh, my God!"—a scene set at a long, timeless screen, and a fly is crawling on his forehead during the shot.

"It's fun how *Troll 2*, and not in an ironic way," When Stephenson first heard that people

were having *Troll 2* parties and debating up at their favorite characters from the film, he says, "My first reaction was, 'This is a joke!' But when he went to a screening in New York a few years ago, he was surprised to find not only that the cinema drew 'the largest crowd they had seen,' but that the audience 'kind of loved themselves out to their bad taste, their little secret that makes them laugh all the time.'" His impression is to understand that fans can embrace it without putting down the people who were in it.

This positive attitude applies only to cheaply made movies: a big-budget rando doesn't get the kind of indulgence from fans. Even Allan's killer film *Movie The Screen*, which celebrates its 30th anniversary this year, is often cited as the worst movie of the 1970s (far less like "Hudson on Day 100" his tiny blonde one, or the best), and may well be worse than *Troll 2*. But it was a multi-million-dollar film that should have been much better than it was. People forget *Troll 2* or *Not Quite Heaven* because directors like Ed Wood or Claudio Pinzone had nothing to work with, not even talent, yet they wouldn't give up. Andrew Steinberg, an active-duty Marine who now the *San Francisco* in his spare time, says that "something that may be a movie seems to have in common is the feeling that the actors and direc-

tor 'took a risk and tried their best.'" But when a mainstream Hollywood movie turns out to be terrible, like a *Gyrfar* or a *Starfield* Earth, we just get angry that it wasn't better.

But when fans go to *Troll 2*, they may also be trying to relive a first, not long ago, when bad B movies still counted. Low-budget productions were the alternatives to art movies on the one hand and studio movies on the other, they were bad, but they were fun to rent and watch. Fan nostalgia for *Troll 2*, along with other bad movies of the period—like Jack Abramoff's *Red Scorpion*, or anything by the *Cancon* group (*Shaken of Shaken* 2 *Electric Blue* and *Shaken of Shaken* 2 *Electric Blue*), is partly nostalgia for a guilty pleasure: movies that are entertaining because they have no sense of art. "It's not trying to be instantly funny," Stephenson says. "It's not trying to be a movie."

Not trying for cherry B movies was great that two years ago, there was a subculture of just-for-the-fun-of-it, *Shaken of Shaken* 2 *Electric Blue* was a disappointment, since it was self-aware, and "as soon as you try to make something intentionally bad," Stephenson says, "it goes off course." When *Not Quite Heaven* plays in film festivals (Stephenson says they've had offers from two so far), he feels, "it'll remain that nothing is bad except to an force as itself." "Everyone was trying their hardest to be a great horror film," Stephenson says of *Troll 2*, "and we failed miserably." He means that as a compliment. ■



### STOP THE PRESSES... BISHOPS AND STRANGLERS

"The *Executive Daily Press* would like to spotlight an upcoming issue of the *Bishop of Norwich* the Rev. Graham James. Following publication of his picture on yesterday's letters page. The photograph of Bishop Graham was said alongside a letter about ways of protecting sex workers by *Executive Daily Press* and *Goodwill*."—*England's Green Daily Press*, after running a letter along with a photo of the bishop and a caption identifying him as the Suffolk Strangler

TOPCAST: THE MOVIE (clockwise from left): Family Tree, Michael Gross, The Coody Show, Harriet Weaver, Annabeth Davis

## Which mother messed you up?

**Was it the Unpredictable, the Perfectionist? A new book defines five basic mothering styles.**

**BY ALEXANDRA BIRD** "They [I-know-you your mom and dad, they may not mean to but they do]," wrote the English poet Philip Larkin. "The worst had an intense relationship with his mother that many biographers believe he never recovered from." Unlike Larkin, author Stephen Postler does not suspect parents to his means. Still, it hasn't always been an easy relationship, and it's one that has left him with his own emotional baggage. Anxiety, guilt, a feeling of not being good enough: these are all things that can be traced back to different styles of mothering, according to his new book, *The Mother Factor: How Your Mother's Emotions Impact Legacy*. *Executive Daily Press* (which will be available in Canada next week).

Postler establishes five mothering styles: the Perfectionist, the Unpredictable, the Best Friend, the Matriarch and the Cooperator. The Perfectionist, for example, which is one of the most common parental types, is a controlling, fearful, and anxious that her child succeed. She has an all-consuming desire to keep up appearances. Her children will have internalized some of her anxiety and may find it difficult to commit to relationships (anxiety is over good enough), although professionally they may be driven, highly productive people. "In the United States and Canada, a lot of mothers want their children to succeed so badly that they are over involved," Postler explains from his Los Angeles home. "Their self-esteem is so wrapped up in the child's success that their kids are afraid to fail."

In contrast, Postler's own mother preferred to relate to the author more like a best friend. Mrs. Postler was deeply encouraged her son to nonconformistly depression, and would often avoid making the tough parental deci-

sions, such as when to come home or when to do homework. "My mom is a lovely woman," Postler explains. "But the message I got growing up was always, 'Don't leave me.' Right into my twenties and thirties, I always felt this sense of foreboding and doom if I didn't call her daily."

The children of Best Friend mothers often seek out men like mothers, looking for female authority figures to stand in as size models. They might also find themselves trying to mother others. For Postler, that meant becoming a counselor in family and professional situations, which would have him vulnerable to overwork and high levels of stress. In contrast, the Matriarch mother longs to be the center of attention. She seeks out relationships that will further her social status, even at the expense of her children's well-being. Since she fails to give her children sufficient emotional support, her kids tend to lack compassion and empathy. Often they feel a sense of superiority and have a rigid approach to problem solving and compromise.

Unpredictable mothers—the favorite of Postler's categories—are known for their emotional outbursts, sharp words and intense criticism. The basis for this mother's mood swings might be depression or self-hatred, among other causes, but whatever

the reason, her children have specific, and often painful, emotional problems. They usually find it difficult to trust others, fear intimacy in relationships, and have a tendency to become overly emotional during arguments. If these tendencies sound familiar, Postler recommends analyzing streams before emotionally responding, and taking the time to construct mental, physical and emotional boundaries.

Finally, Complex Mothers strike a balance between mothering and unmothering, loyalty and criticism, nurturing and overprotection. These are the mothers who just want to get it. (Just like Postler's mom, Pat, would be one example, at least according to her own account of their relationship that the author's headline publishing. One key? Postler estimates only 10 per cent of children have a Complex Mother. The rest of an adult living with mothers often the women have to negotiate—per me and involve, but not always viable? At least to the person exposed? Still, Postler advises, don't relapse in the blame game or involve your mother's attempts to work things through. She probably won't appreciate the intensity, and it's unlikely to help your mother or mother-daughter relationship. "Lost of people have relationship problems and never realize that maybe directly traced back to their relationship with their mother," he says. "It's a sad state, we don't have concept that 'I can change that dynamic and her influence over our lives.'" ■



### MOST IMPROVED STEVE-O

The star of *Jackass* has really benefited from a sabbatical in a psychiatric ward. After a stint at Los Angeles' Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, he says he's beginning to accept his flaws. In a blog written from what he calls the "nuthouse," he says he's begun to put his addiction to alcohol and laughing gas behind him and is becoming proud of himself and his imperfections. "There is more to me," he says, "than the act of screwing-shaping."



1999, 2000

He grew up with workhorses. When the tractor came, says his neighbour, 'we were as proud as kings.'

**R**ochester, N.Y., resident Charles Allan Rowan was born on Dec. 16, 1948, in the Cayuga County—the only one in his life that he ever visited in a hospital overnight. His father, Bob, and his mother, Mary (who wasn't called Toole), formed a two-piece band under the name of Orem, with Bob's brother, Swampy. The top-dog guys and crew of Orem, scoring gains with a mix of druggies, hoppers, King and Monie, until the late 1970s when Bob and Swampy bought their own tractor, a McCormick Deering 10-55. All, as he was known, had two brothers, Doug and Ray, and a sister, Barb, but his best pal was his cousin Doc Rowan, Swampy's son. Don't remember that time tractor and how excited both boys were. All's neighbor Murray McEwen explains the incident.

"I grew up on a farm with work horses, and when the tractor came, we were just as proud as kings." In his childhood, the black and white farm dog, Top, was his favorite animal. It was so protective that when his man tried to discipline him, it would jump in between him and snarl his ears.

From Grade 1 to Grade 8, Al attended S.S. No. 19, a one-room schoolhouse down the road from the farm, with about 10 other tall dweebs, serving as the caretaker and lighting the fire in the woodstove. As kids, Al and Dorcas loved to "play field," pretending they were farmers with toy farm animals that they made themselves. Al was an animal fancier. My Grade 8, Al, riding up front with the driver, Scotty Defford, not because he was a troublemaker, but as the two oldest boys. In Grade 13, Al got to take over the chores on the farm, which was a great honor, as if, he did had a great standard and even though he worked on until his death at 86, he receded the herd.

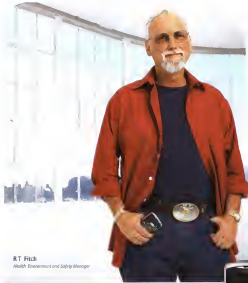
In time, Al became a licensed electrician, a trade he practiced all his life, but his affection for tractors and tractor work never waned. He loved the waters when he could hitch up a blower to the back of a big farm tractor and clear his neighbours' lanes of snow. He liked his dad's Massey Harris or New Crop tractor so much that he restored it, along with many others, in a large heated shop he built to live in and work his tractors. Eventually he owned 12 antique and four farm tractors, along with 1,000 machines. Everyone in the area knew him. For a time, he fixed their machines, as well as his own.

The Bowen family was musical as well as mechanical. Mary died, aged 31, after falling through the basket ball bar in the above. As young men, Al and his brother Doug played music in the nearby Hillsburgh marching band. With Doug, they started a church band, playing Friday and Sunday nights for \$6 a piece. On Sundays, they did the milking and then went to the Malabar United Church. Al also belonged to a Junior Farmers Club, competing in shoeing matches and drama festivals. It was at a rehearsal for a play that he met his wife-to-be, Bonnie Hosking. They were married on July 18, 1964.

Blasener and Al were "the perfect couple," says their friend Grace Replogue. They both liked snowmobiling and touring as far away as California on their Honda Silverwing motorcycles. They congealed in the antique class at the International Flyingutch Match eight years ago in Stiles. Last year, they drove two restored racers belonging to their dad to the Stiles on a Friday's Day. Every Christmas season, Blasener was prone to watch as Al drove a tractor adorned in lights in the Redwood farmer's parade. "Some guys came with their brand new tractors worth a quarter of a million dollars," Mouritz says, "but everybody loved to see Al with the old Massey Harris; he was having such fun." Another delight for the couple was Friday night soggies at the local White Horse. Although the couple was

Al and Eleanor would take turns reading funny emails and telling stories: "We are so blessed," Grace says. "We have one of the old style rural night grooves—*but Al was the glue*." Murray agrees: "With his imperfections, Al became the game attraction—and he would always tell us stories about his doctor."

Two years ago, AJ developed a heart condition, but she hid it. "He determined he was not going to be sitting around when he had what he called 'the bug out,'" Eleanor says. On Sunday, March 5, after a frozen Milford, N.J., snow of 40 to 60 in., leaving hedges, fences and Goosewading at the farmhouse windows what he termed "12 lanes." When an other person called asking for help, Eleanor placed around looking for her she was around because AJ always left his lane for last. A neighbor found his Massey Ferguson 1085 stalled upright in a snow filled ditch. AJ was underneath the wheel. He died of a heart attack. He was 67.



RT 6104

Health Environment and Safety Manager

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